



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

MAGNO OUT
TO KILL DAVEY!
SEE PAGE 1

SUPER-MYSTERY

COMICS

10¢

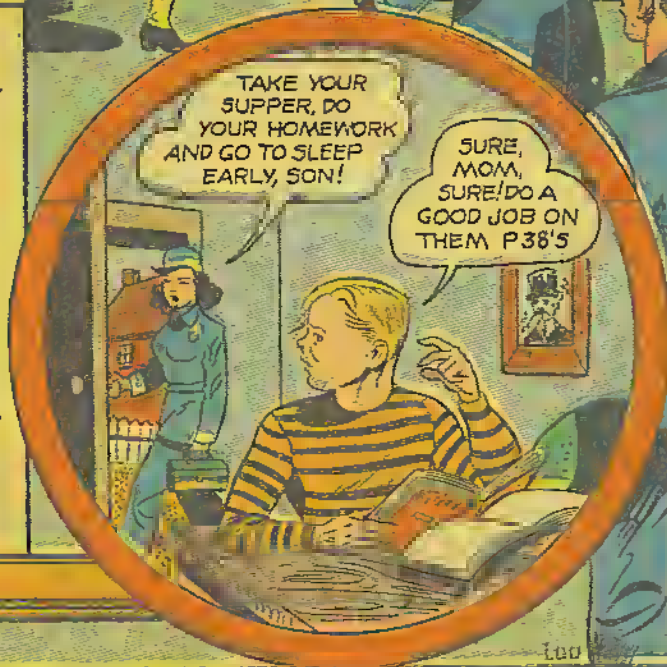


CRAMMED WITH POUNDING EXCITEMENT
FROM COVER TO COVER

MAGNO AND DAVEY



WITH THOUSANDS OF THE POLICE IN THE ARMED FORCES, WITH PARENTS WORKING DAY AND NIGHT IN WAR FACTORIES, THE YOUTH OF THE NATION FOUND ITSELF SUDDENLY LOOSE! SOME YOUNG PEOPLE FIND USEFUL CHANNELS FOR THEIR RESTLESS ENERGIES, OTHERS FALL UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF CRIME! THUS MAGNO AND DAVEY ONCE MORE BATTLE THE CLOWN IN "APPRENTICES FOR MURDER!"



TAKE YOUR SUPPER, DO YOUR HOMEWORK AND GO TO SLEEP EARLY, SON!

SURE, MOM, SURE! DO A GOOD JOB ON THEM P38'S

A SHORT
WHILE
LATER...

IT'S THE
GANG!

COME DOWN,
CLIP! WE GOT
BIG THINGS
LINED UP
FOR TONIGHT!

BE RIGHT
WITH YUH!

DID THE CL-- THE BOSS GIVE US
A SCHEDULE FOR TONIGHT?

YAH! A
JWELL
ONE!

BETTER BE
CAREFUL, CLIP,
YOU ALMOST
SAID HIS NAME!
HE DIDN'T WANT
US TO MENTION
IT!

A SHORT WHILE
LATER, TWO SWING-
SHIFT WORKERS ON
THEIR WAY HOME --

I GOT 'EM!
LET'S SCRAM!

OH!

BOP!

HAW! HAW! LISTEN
TO THEM YELL
FOR THE COPS!

THERE AIN'T ENOUGH
COPS TO DIRECT TRAFFIC!
NOT CHANCE THEY GOT
OF CATCHING US!

POLICE!
POLICE!

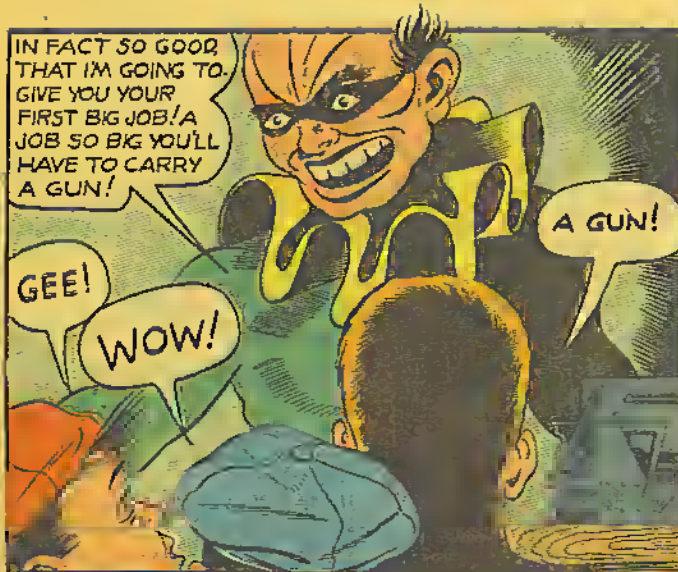
LITTLE
THIEVES!

HERE YOU
ARE, BOSS!

NICE NIGHT'S
WORK! WE
MUGGED SIX
DAMES!

GOOD WORK
BOYS! GOOD
WORK!

SOCKS!



IN FACT SO GOOD THAT I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU YOUR FIRST BIG JOB! A JOB SO BIG YOU'LL HAVE TO CARRY A GUN!

A GUN!

GEE!

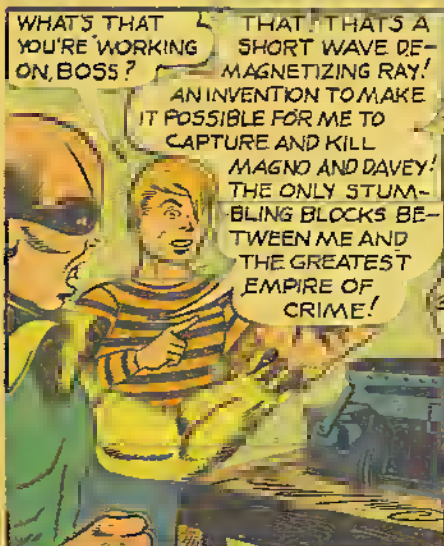
WOW!



BOY! WE'RE REALLY GETTING TO BE BIG SHOTS! BUT--ER--THIS GUN WON'T BE LOADED WILL IT, BOSS?

OF COURSE NOT! NOT WITH REAL BULLETS, BUT WITH BLANKS! I DON'T WANT TO REALLY HURT ANYONE!

GEE! THAT'S GOOD!



WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE WORKING ON, BOSS?

THAT! THAT'S A SHORT WAVE DE-MAGNETIZING RAY! AN INVENTION TO MAKE IT POSSIBLE FOR ME TO CAPTURE AND KILL MAGNO AND DAVEY! THE ONLY STUMBLING BLOCKS BETWEEN ME AND THE GREATEST EMPIRE OF CRIME!



MAGNO AND DAVEY! WOW!

GEE, YOU'RE GOING TO KILL THEM!

PLEASURABLY! ONCE THEIR HANDS GET ONTO THESE POLES--AND I THROW THIS SWITCH--POOF! THEY'RE HELPLESS!



BUT HOW ARE YOU GOING TO GET THEIR HANDS ON THE POLES?

THAT IS ONE DETAIL TO BE WORKED OUT! BE BACK HERE TOMORROW NIGHT AT NINE! I'LL GIVE YOU YOUR INSTRUCTIONS, HERE'S YOUR CUT!

THANKS, BOSS!



NEXT DAY AFTER SCHOOL! MAGNO'S YOUNG PAL DAVEY--

OH, THERE YOU ARE! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU THREE!

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, SQUIRT?

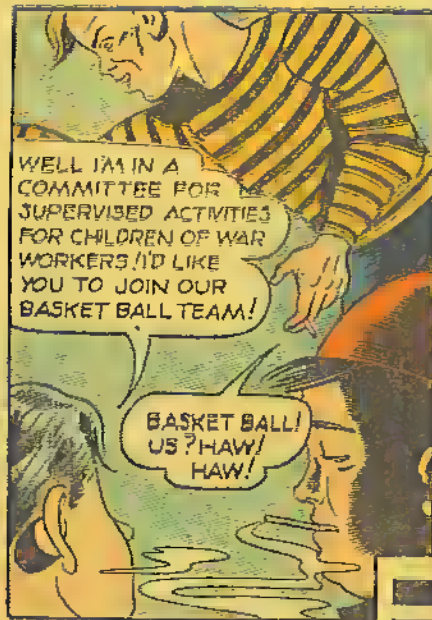
YEAH? SPILL IT! WE AIN'T GOT TIME TO WASTE ON SMALL FRY!



I UNDERSTAND YOUR PARENTS ARE WAR-WORKERS ON NIGHT SHIFT!

SO WHAT?

WHAT'S IT TO YUH?



WELL I'M IN A COMMITTEE FOR SUPERVISED ACTIVITIES FOR CHILDREN OF WAR WORKERS I'D LIKE YOU TO JOIN OUR BASKET BALL TEAM!

BASKET BALL! US? HAW! HAW!



SCRAM! JOIK! WE DON'T WANT NONE OF YOUR SUPERVISED ACTIVITIES!

CHILDREN! HE CALLS US CHILDREN!

COWARDS! YELLOW!



CERTAINLY YOU'RE CHILDREN! LITTLE YELLOW COWARDLY CHILDREN! AND YOU COULD USE BASKET BALL! IT WOULD BUILD UP YOUR MUSCLES SO YOU WOULDN'T HAVE TO BE COWARDS!

WE'LL SHOW YOU A COUPLA THINGS!

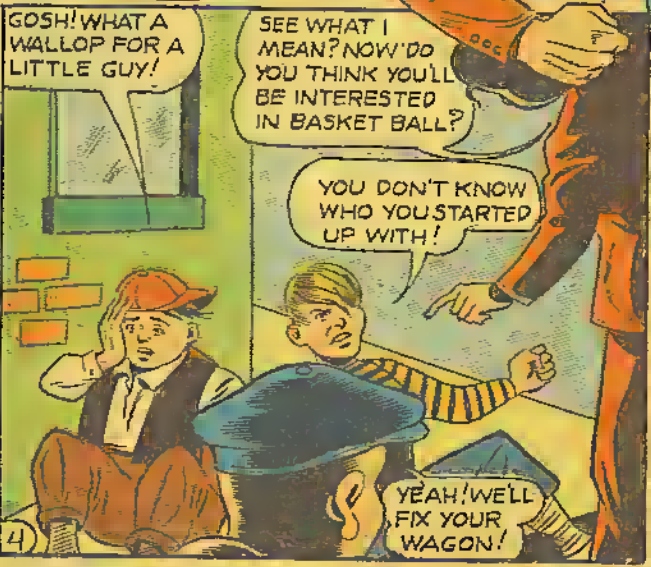


WELL GO AHEAD! START SHOWING!



I'M STILL WAITING! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE THINGS YOU WERE GOING TO SHOW ME!

OW!

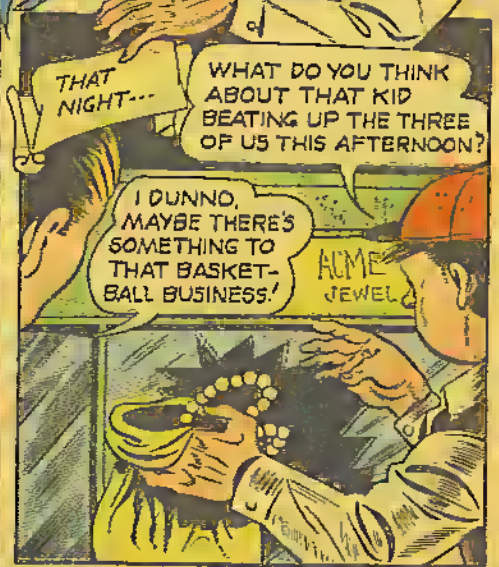


GOSH! WHAT A WALLOP FOR A LITTLE GUY!

SEE WHAT I MEAN? NOW DO YOU THINK YOU'LL BE INTERESTED IN BASKET BALL?

YOU DON'T KNOW WHO YOU STARTED UP WITH!

YEAH! WE'LL FIX YOUR WAGON!

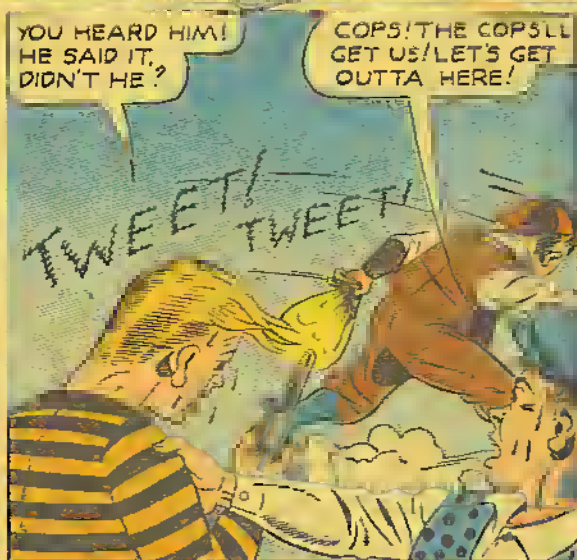


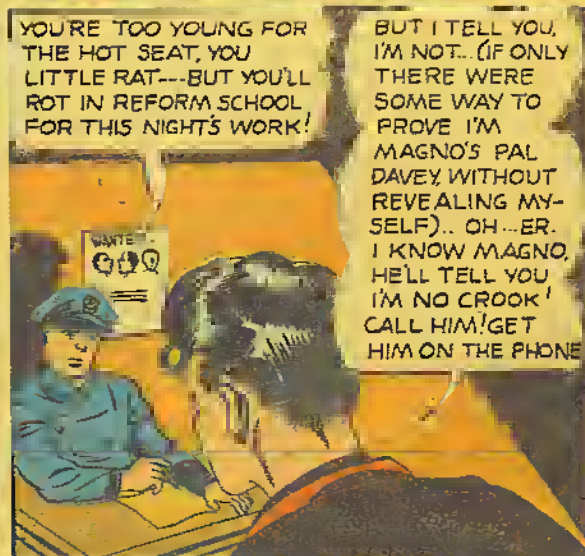
THAT NIGHT...

WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THAT KID BEATING UP THE THREE OF US THIS AFTERNOON?

I DUNNO, MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING TO THAT BASKET-BALL BUSINESS!

HOME JEWEL





MEANWHILE...

BOSS! BOSS! THAT GUN YOU GAVE US WAS LOADED! WE KILLED A COP!

KILLED A COP! NOW ISN'T THAT TOO BAD! I WONDER WHO COULD HAVE LOADED THE GUN?

BUT DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT! AS LONG AS YOU DO AS I SAY AND DON'T ASK TOO MANY QUESTIONS I WON'T TELL THE POLICE ABOUT YOU!

B. BUT I KILLED A COP! I'M A MURDERER!

FOR THAT MATTER, YOU'RE ALL EQUALLY GUILTY, BUT I---

BOSS! BOSS! MAGNO!! I JUST SAW MAGNO! HE WAS IN THE POLICE STATION AND NOW HE'S HEADED FOR OUR HOUSES LOOKING FOR US!

GOOD! THEN WE'LL GO RIGHT TO YOUR HOUSE CLIP, AND MAKE IT EASY FOR HIM TO FIND YOU!

WHAT!

THAT'S RIGHT! BUT FIRST TO SEW THESE POLES WHERE HE'S PRETTY CERTAIN TO GET HIS HANDS ON THEM!

HERE HE COMES!

GOOD! BETTER DO AS I TOLD YOU! REMEMBER I'LL BE WATCHING!

YEAH, DON'T WORRY! WE'LL DO JUST AS YOU SAID!

YOU CLIP MORGAN?

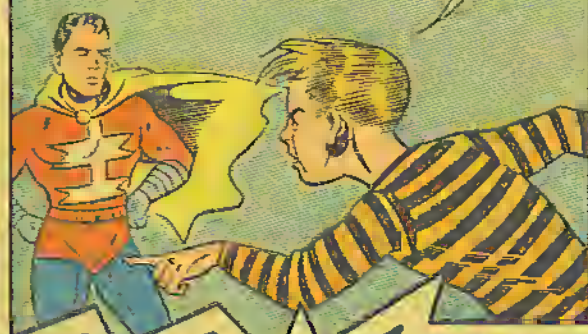
YEAH, WHAT'S IT TO YOU? HOT SHOT?

PLENTY! YOU'RE COMING TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS WITH ME TO TELL EVERYTHING YOU KNOW ABOUT A CERTAIN GUN!

DON'T MAKE US LAUGH! IF YOU WANT US TO SEE THE COPS YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE US THERE!

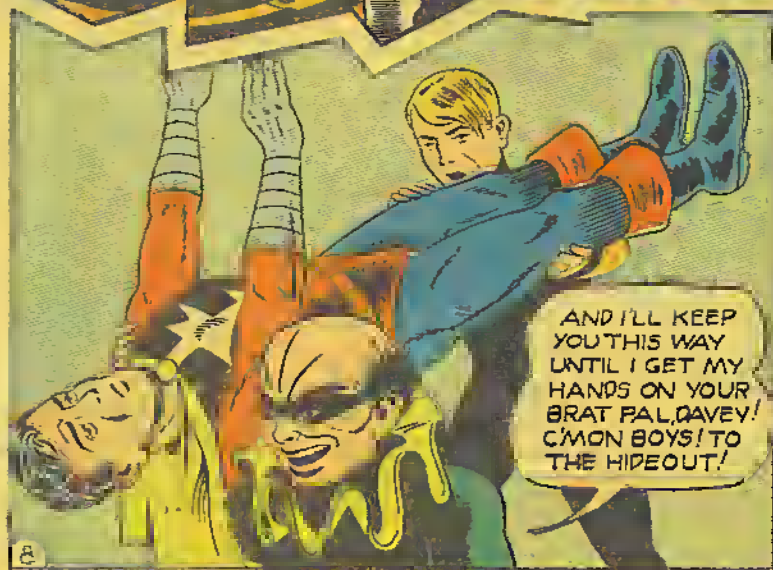
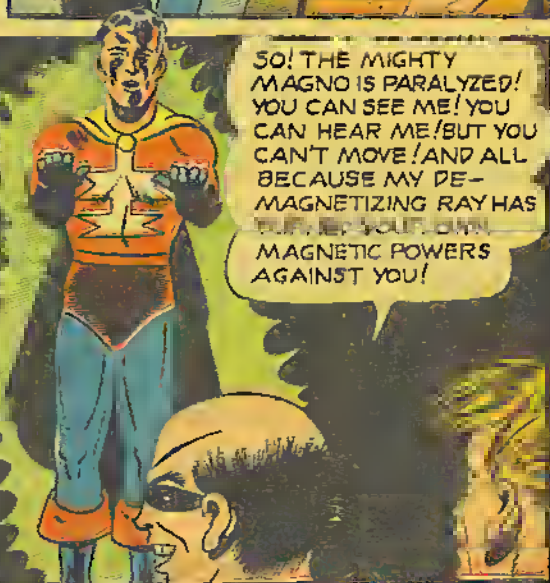
OKAY! THAT CAN BE ARRANGED!

PERFECT!



WH-?

SO! THE MIGHTY MAGNO IS PARALYZED! YOU CAN SEE ME! YOU CAN HEAR ME! BUT YOU CAN'T MOVE! AND ALL BECAUSE MY DE-MAGNETIZING RAY HAS TUPPED YOUR OWN MAGNETIC POWERS AGAINST YOU!



AND I'LL KEEP YOU THIS WAY UNTIL I GET MY HANDS ON YOUR BRAT PAL, GAVEY! C'MON BOYS! TO THE HIDEOUT!

MEANWHILE BACK AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS

I WONDER WHAT'S KEEPING MAGNO? HE SAID HE'D BE BACK IN AN HOUR! IT'S THREE HOURS NOW, AND STILL NO SIGN OF HIM!





HE MIGHT HAVE RUN INTO TROUBLE! MAYBE HE NEEDS HELP THIS VERY MOMENT! WHILE NO ONE'S AROUND I'LL USE A LITTLE OF MY MAGNETIC STRENGTH!

THERE, THE BARS ARE AS GOOD AS NEW, NOW TO VISIT CLIP MORGAN AND HIS CRONIES!



HEY! HERE COMES TH' BASKETBALL JOIK!

WE'LL GRAB HIM, BIFF, AND TAKE HIM TO TH' BOSS!



GET HIM!

WHAT'S THIS?



C'MON! LAY IT ON HIM!

SURE THING! WE CAUGHT MAGNO FOR TH' BOSS, WE OUGHTA BE ABLE TO POLISH OFF THIS LITTLE SQUIRT!

SOCK!



THEY CAUGHT MAGNO! --- THEN I'LL LET THEM GET ME --- THEY'LL LEAD ME TO MAGNO AND THE 'BOSS'!

SOCK



I GIVE UP! I GIVE UP!

OKAY, SMALL FRY! NOW COME ALONG WITH US OR WE'LL GIVE YOU MORE OF TH' SAME!



TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE
BLACKNESS, DAVEY SHEDS HIS
OUTER GARMENTS

CLIP! HE JUMPED BETWEEN THE
CLOWN AND ME! TOOK THE
BULLETS INTENDED FOR ME!



NOW RAT! YOU'RE Y DAVEY!
GOING TO GET
YOURS!

IT'S DAVEY.
MAGNO'S PAL!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT
YOU'VE DONE TO MAGNO,
BUT THIS IS PART
PAYMENT!

AND THAT'S THE
LAST OF THEM!

C'MON BIFF! LET'S GET
INTO THIS! THAT CLOWN
RAT SHOT CLIP! HE'S GOT
PLENTY COMING FROM US!

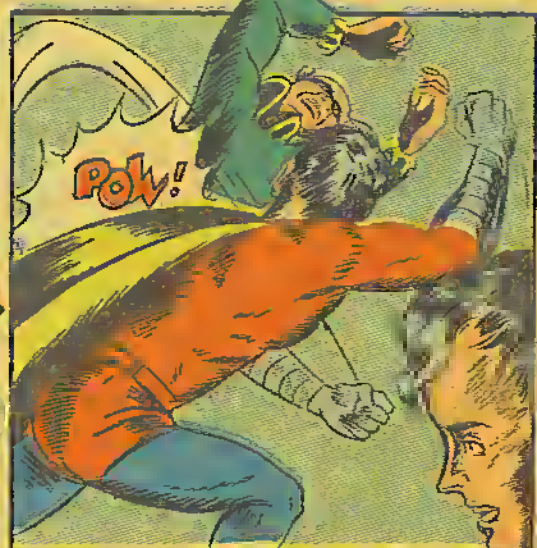
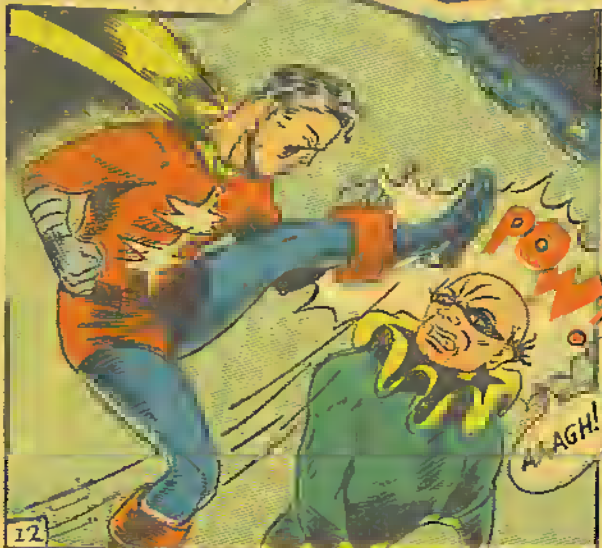


LOOK OUT!
GET OUT OF
MY WAY!

WH--?
OH!

THANKS! OUT OF THE
WAY! I'LL ATTEND
TO YOU LATER!







THE BATTLE OVER MAGNO AND DAVEY DASH TO CLIP'S SIDE!

HE GOT SHOT TRYING TO SAVE ME, MAGNO, WE GOTTA SAVE HIM! WE GOTTA!

TAKE IT EASY, KID! HE GOT IT IN THE STOMACH, BUT PLENTY OF OUR SOLDIERS HAVE GOTTEN IT WORSE AND HAVE LIVED TO TALK ABOUT IT.



A SHORT WHILE LATER ----

WHAT ABOUT IT, DOCTOR?

HELL LIVE - HE'LL BE GOOD AS NEW IN 6 MONTHS!

GEE! THAT'S SWELL!



A FEW DAYS LATER----

YOUR HONOR, THESE BOYS AREN'T CRIMINALS! THEY ARE JUST LOST IN A WORLD AT WAR! THEIR PARENTS ARE WORKING, THEIR OLDER BROTHERS ARE IN THE SERVICE AND AWAY FROM HOME. THE POLICE ARE SHORT HANDED BECAUSE 20 PERCENT OF THEIR MEN ARE AWAY!



THEY'RE NOT BAD, MERELY MISGUIDED, GIVE THEM RECREATIONAL FACILITIES TO WORK OFF THEIR ENERGY AND THEY'LL GROW UP TO BE USEFUL CITIZENS! ASK THE COURT TO RELEASE THEM AT MY REQUEST!

REQUEST GRANTED, AND GOOD LUCK!



AND STILL LATER ----

GEE, CLIP, WE DON'T KNOW HOW YOU'RE GOIN' TO TAKE IT, BUT WE ALL SIGNED UP SUPERVISED RECREATION-- AN' WE GOT A PRESENT FOR YOU--

A BASKET BALL! WHY YOU DOPES!



DON'T YOU KNOW THAT BY THE TIME I GET WELL IT'LL BE THE BASEBALL SEASON! SO I GOT THE DOCS TO GET ME A CATCHER'S MITT! BOY WHAT A TEAM WE'LL HAVE!

ATTA BOY CLIP!



MAGNO AND DAVEY APPEAR IN EVERY ISSUE OF 4 FAVORITES! ORDER YOUR COPY NOW

Mr Risk

TINY ACORNS GROW INTO MIGHTY OAKS--- SMALL HUNCHES DEVELOP INTO FANTASTIC SCHEMES--- WAS THIS HUNCH OF MR RISK'S MERELY A FORLORN IDEA, OR WAS HIS INTUITION LEADING HIM INTO THE PATH OF A CRIME SYNDICATE WHERE HIS ONLY ESCAPE COULD BE----- DEATH ?



NIGHT--AND MR RISK, THE MAN WHO KNOWS NO FEAR, AND HIS FAITHFUL SERVANT, ABDUL, ROAM THE STREETS OF A LONELY WATERFRONT---

IT IS THE SMALL CLUE WHICH ESCAPES EVERYONE'S NOTICE THAT SOLVES MOST CRIME CASES! IT IS OFTEN THE HUNCH, LEADING FROM NOWHERE, THAT SPRINGS THE VITAL TRAP WHICH CATCHES THE CRIMINAL!

ART BY
BILL SAVAGE

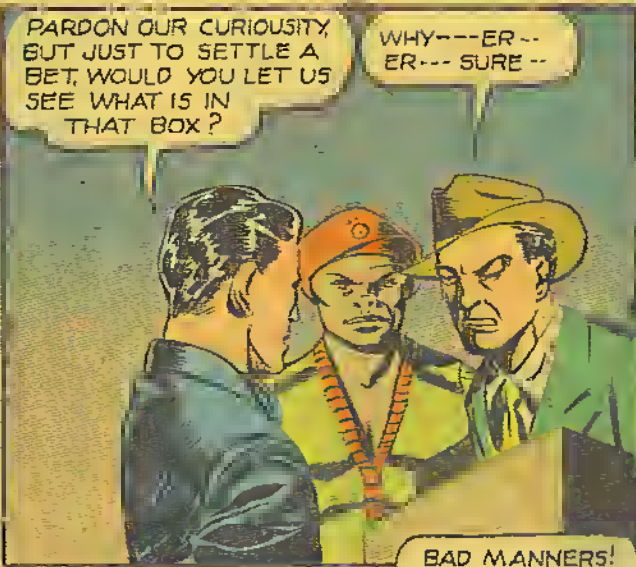
TAKE THAT MAN, FOR
INSTANCE! WE'LL FOLLOW
A HUNCH AND QUESTION
HIM! IF WE'RE WRONG,
WE'LL APOLOGIZE!

YES,
MASTER!



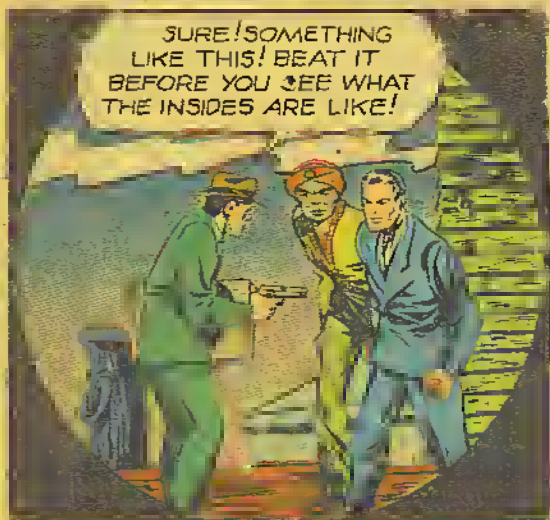
PARDON OUR CURIOSITY,
BUT JUST TO SETTLE A
BET, WOULD YOU LET US
SEE WHAT IS IN
THAT BOX?

WHY---ER--
ER--- SURE --



BAD MANNERS!
YOU SHOULDN'T
HAVE DONE
THAT!

SURE! SOMETHING
LIKE THIS! BEAT IT
BEFORE YOU SEE WHAT
THE INSIDES ARE LIKE!



I BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND
ABOUT HUNCH..
MASTER!



FINE! BUT THERE HE GOES!
LET'S FOLLOW AND SEE WHAT
ELSE MY HUNCH LEADS TO!



COME ON! I'M SURE
THE OWNERS OF THIS
CRAFT WON'T OBJECT TO
OUR BORROWING IT!

GRAB THE CONTROLS
ABDUL! I'M GOING
UP IN THE BOW!



WHAT-!?



AREN'T YOU GOING TO
A LOT OF TROUBLE
FOR NOTHING? THERE
ISN'T MUCH OF
AN AUDIENCE
HERE YOU
KNOW!



SORRY TO
TROUBLE YOU!
C'MON, ABDUL,
LET'S GET BACK
TO THE DOCK!

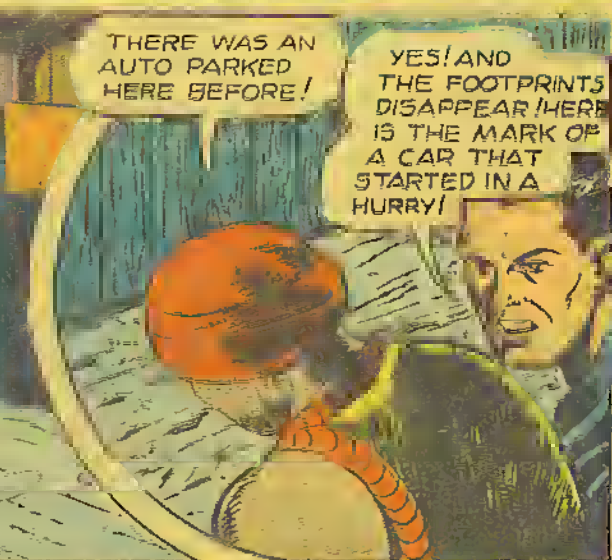


LOOK, MASTER! A TRAIL
LEFT BY A MAN WHO WAS
EVIDENTLY QUITE WET!



THERE WAS AN
AUTO PARKED
HERE BEFORE!

YES! AND
THE FOOTPRINTS
DISAPPEAR HERE
IS THE MARK OF
A CAR THAT
STARTED IN A
HURRY!



WE FOLLOWED ONE HUNCH AND IT TOOK US THIS FAR! LET'S FOLLOW ANOTHER! SAY THE MAN IN THE BOAT WAS SUPPOSED TO MEET OUR FRIEND WITH THE BOX--- WE INTERFERED AND THE BOAT-MAN FLED! THE ONE WITH THE BOX CLIMBED BACK AFTER WE LEFT, SWIPED A CAR AND DEPARTED--- WHY?--- WHERE?



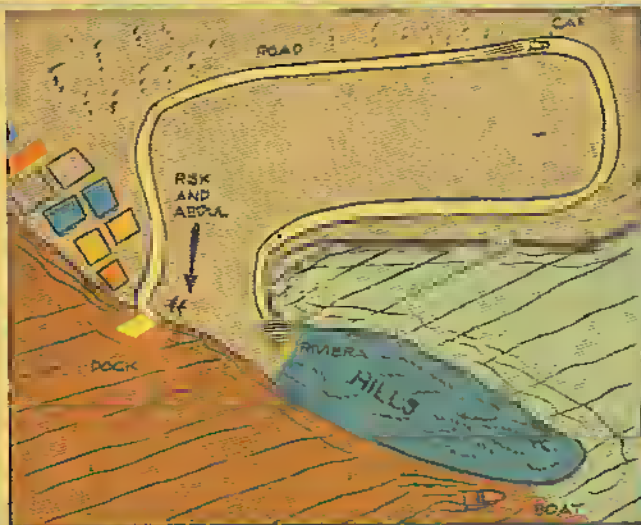
"WHERE" IS SIMPLE MASTER-- TO SAME PLACE BOAT IS GOING! IT CARRY LITTLE GASOLINE! COULD NOT GO FAR!

RIGHT! THE ONLY PLACE IN THE DIRECTION HE WAS GOING WHICH HE COULD REACH IS THE HI-DE-HO RIVIERA, CLOSED SINCE THE WAR STARTED



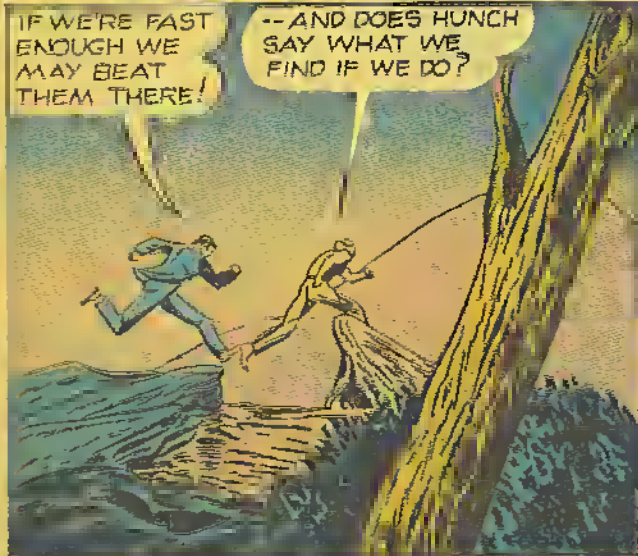
YES, MASTER! IT CAN BE REACHED BY ROAD OR WATER! BUT THE QUICKEST IS AFOOT, IF ONE IS SURE-FOOTED!

OKAY! WE STARTED THE THING, LET'S FINISH IT!



IF WE'RE FAST ENOUGH WE MAY BEAT THEM THERE!

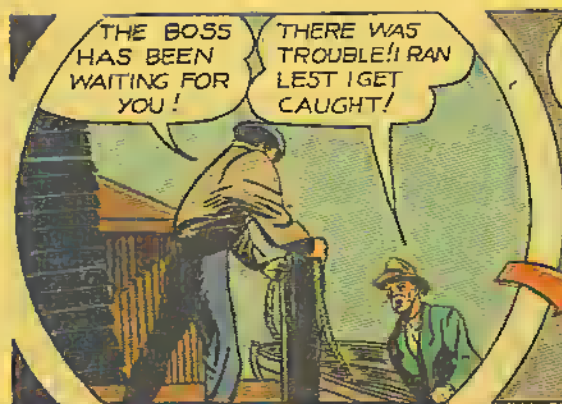
-- AND DOES HUNCH SAY WHAT WE FIND IF WE DO?



NOTHING DEFINITE, EXCEPT EXCITEMENT! LOOK! THE CAR BEAT US THERE!

YES! BUT WE WERE FASTER THAN THE BOAT!





THE BOSS
HAS BEEN
WAITING FOR
YOU!

THERE WAS
TROUBLE!! RAN
LEST I GET
CAUGHT!



THAT'S OKAY!—
YOUR PARTNER
GOT HERE ANYWAY!

GOOD!
HE IS VERY
RESOURCEFUL!



AFTER SUBDUING THEM, MR. RISK AND ABDUL
CHANGE CLOTHES WITH THE TWO MEN...

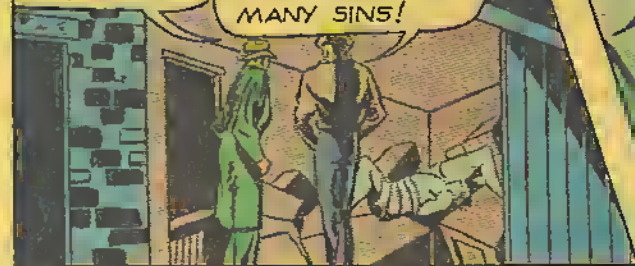


THEY SHALL
KEEP OUT OF
TROUBLE
UNDER HERE!

INDEED MASTER! THEY
SHALL HAVE A LONG
SLEEP IN WHICH TO
DREAM OF THEIR
MANY SINS!

WHAT'S THIS—
IN THE POCKET?

FLUTE! KIND USED BY
SNAKE CHARMERS!



WHILE
MR. RISK
AND
ABDUL
FIND
THEIR
WAY
INTO
THE
INTERIOR
OF THE
UNUSED
NIGHT
CLUB--

HOW DID
YOU DO?

EASY! HAD A LITTLE
TROUBLE-- BUT NOTHING
I COULDN'T HANDLE!

WELL, SISTER,
YOU GOIN' TO SPILL
THE COMBINATION
TO YER BOSS' SAFE
OR DO I HAVE TO
GIVE YOU A SPECIAL
TREATMENT?

YOU'VE BEATEN
ME AND TORTURED
ME-- BUT I STILL
WON'T TELL--
I WON'T!



OKAY, SISTER!
THIS IS SOMETHING
EVEN I DON'T LIKE!
BUT YOU'RE FORCING
ME INTO IT!

HERE COME
TINY AND THE
FLUTE PLAYER.
BOSS!



HERE'S YOUR
PET! PLAY HIM A TUNE!
KEEP HIM AWAY FROM HER
LONG ENOUGH TO GIVE HER A
CHANCE TO CHANGE HER MIND--
IF SHE WANTS TO!



HE'S OPENING
THE BOX!

I'M
GETTIN'
OUTTA THE
WAY!



MASTER!



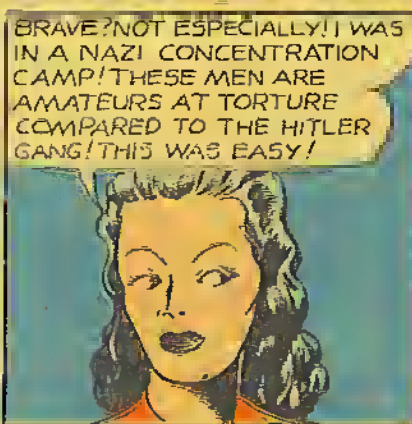
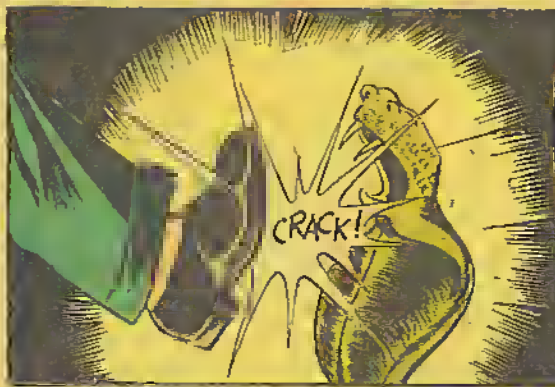
OUT OF
THE WAY,
ABDUL! I WAS
EXPECTING THIS!

HEY!
THAT
AIN'T THE
FLUTE
PLAYER!

IT'S
MR RISK!

THAT'S
RIGHT!
CATCH!





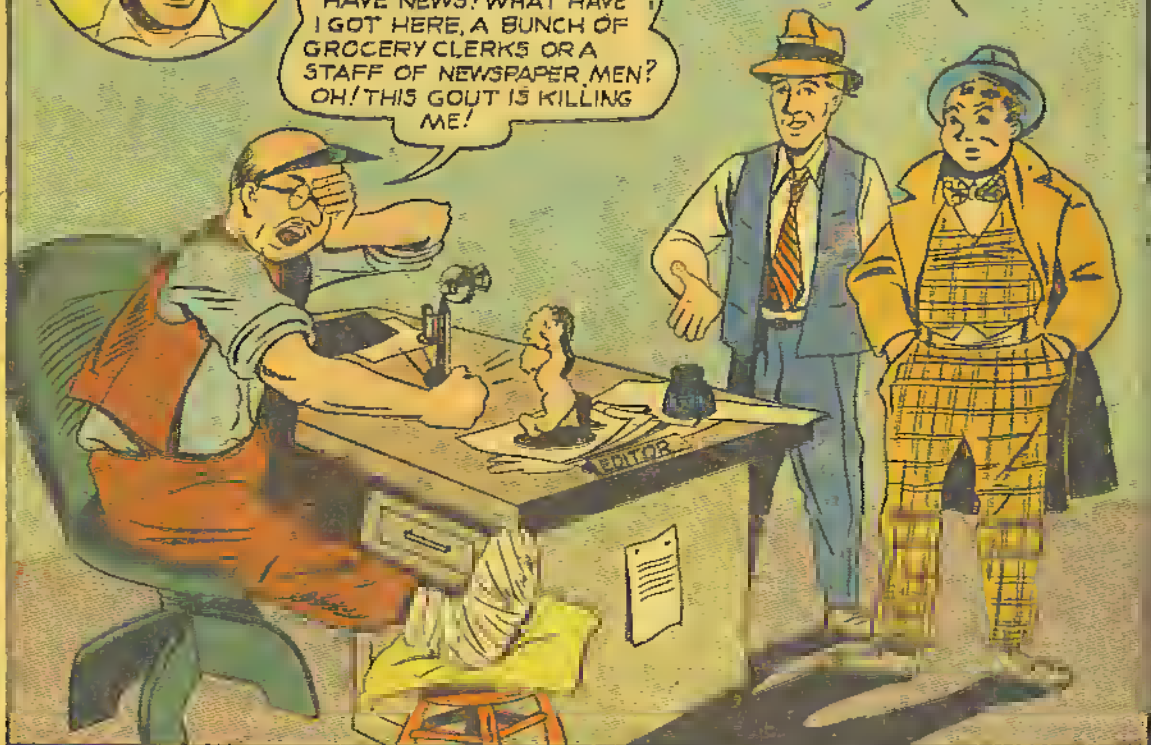
HELP! KEEP
HITLER'S GANG
AWAY FROM OUR
SHORES BY PUTTING
ALL YOUR MONEY
INTO
WAR
STAMPS
AND
BONDS

HAP HAZARD



BUT CHIEF, WE DON'T
MAKE THE NEWS, WE
CAN ONLY REPORT IT AS
IT HAPPENS!

NEWS! WE GOTTA
HAVE NEWS! WHAT HAVE
I GOT HERE, A BUNCH OF
GROCERY CLERKS OR A
STAFF OF NEWSPAPER MEN?
OH! THIS GOUT IS KILLING
ME!



NUTS! IN THE GOOD OLD
DAYS REPORTERS MADE
THE NEWS! IF THINGS
DIDN'T HAPPEN, THEY
MADE THEM HAPPEN!

DON'T I HAVE ONE GENUINE
NEWSPAPERMAN IN THIS
ENTIRE OFFICE?

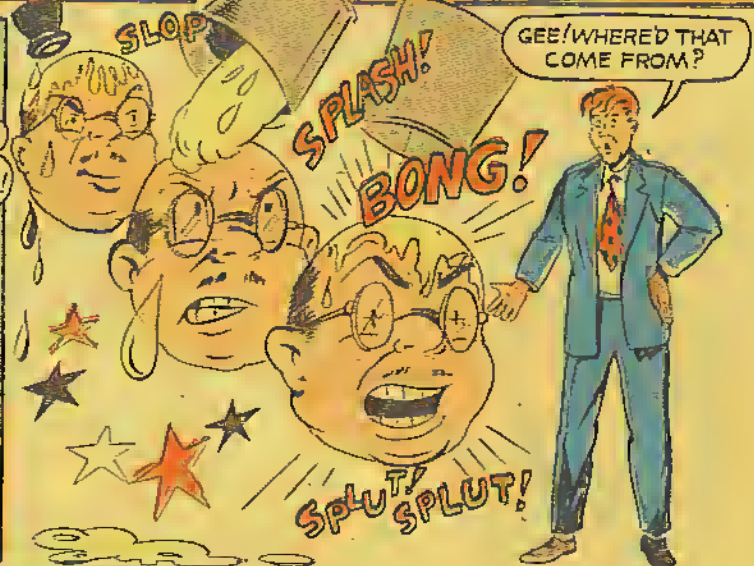
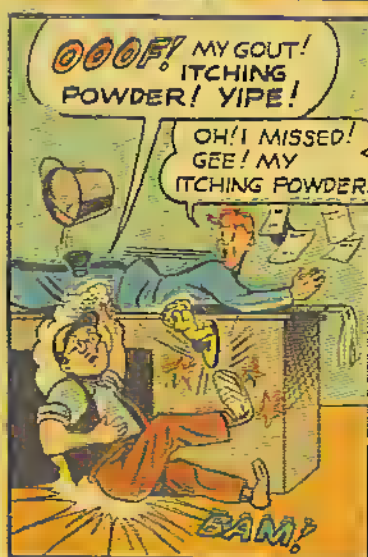
GEE! THAT
SOUNDS LIKE
OPPORTUNITY!

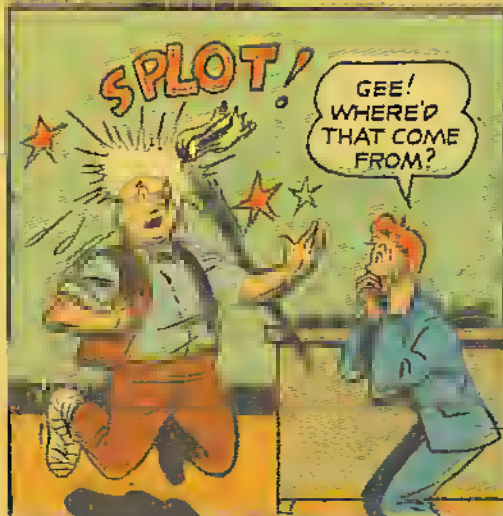


I CAN MAKE NEWS!

YOU! GET TO
WORK WITH
THAT FLOOR
MANICURE
BEFORE I---!







AS I WAS SAYING CHIEF, I'M NOT A JANITOR, I'M A REPORTER--

WHAT?

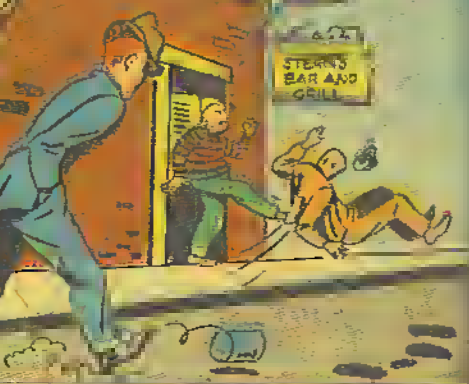


YOU'RE A WHAT? YOU'RE NOTHING AROUND HERE! YOU'RE FIRED! YOU'RE FINISHED! IF I EVER SEE YOU AROUND HERE AGAIN, SO HELP ME, I'LL GET OUT OF MY SIGHT! OW! MY GOUT!



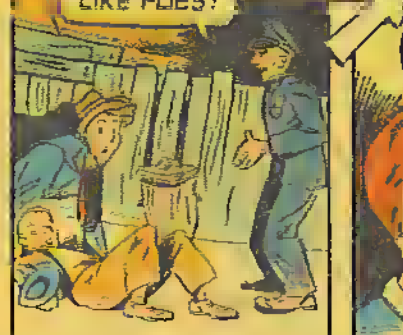
THAT'S MY REWARD FOR GIVING THE BEST YEARS OF MY LIFE!

BEAT IT, BUM!



C'MON, PAL! COME OUT OF IT! SAY! HE'S NOT DRUNK! HE'S DEAD! HEY, OFFICER!

OH, ANOTHER! SINCE THE LIQUOR SHORTAGE THE BOOTLEGGERS HAVE GONE INTO BUSINESS AGAIN-- POISON BOOZE IS KNOCKING THESE SUCKERS OFF LIKE FLIES!



HELLO/HELLO, CHIEF/THIS IS HAP!



HAP! YOU-- SPLUTT! SPLUTT!



I GOT A STORY! A WOW! MURDER! BOOTLEGGING! POISON BOOZE!



YOU! YOU! WHAT? GOT A STORY! HAP OLD MAN, OLD PAL! HOLD THE FORT! I'LL BE RIGHT THERE PERSONALLY TO JOIN YOU OLD PAL!



HE CAME STUMBLING
OUT OF THERE, FELL
AT MY FEET, AND THAT
WAS THAT!

COME ON,
WE'LL PUT ON
AN ACT!

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND
JOIK?

WE'D LIKE TO
GET A BOTTLE OF
THE NEW STUFF!

BEAT IT! WE
DON'T KNOW YUH
OR WHAT YOU'RE
TALKING ABOUT!

COME, NOW
MY GOOD
MAN, WE'RE
FRIENDS!
JUST OPEN
THE DOOR
AND ----



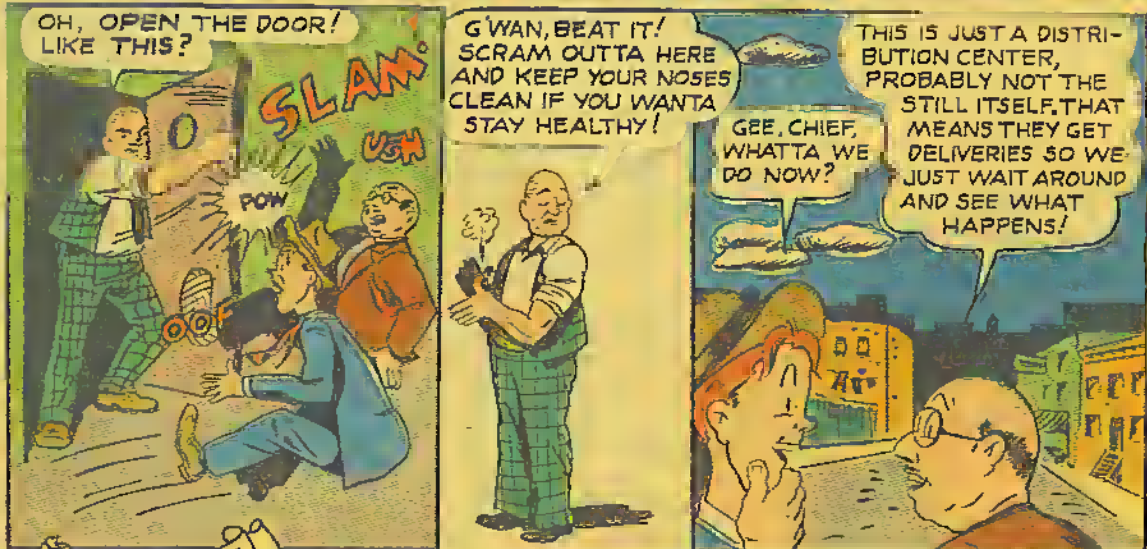
OH, OPEN THE DOOR!
LIKE THIS?

SLAM!
POW
UGH

G'WAN, BEAT IT!
SCRAM OUTTA HERE
AND KEEP YOUR NOSES
CLEAN IF YOU WANTA
STAY HEALTHY!

GEE, CHIEF,
WHATTA WE
DO NOW?

THIS IS JUST A DISTRI-
BUTION CENTER,
PROBABLY NOT THE
STILL ITSELF, THAT
MEANS THEY GET
DELIVERIES SO WE
JUST WAIT AROUND
AND SEE WHAT
HAPPENS!



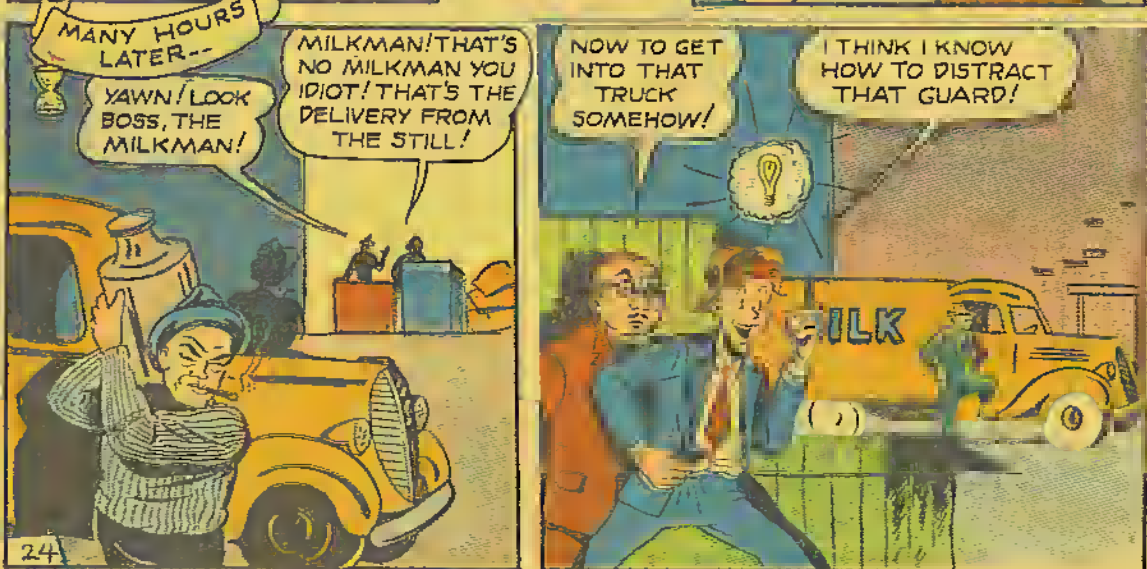
MANY HOURS
LATER--

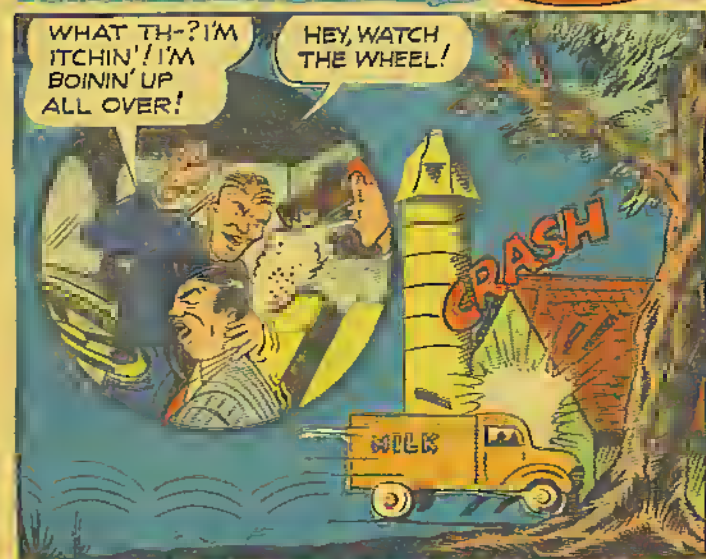
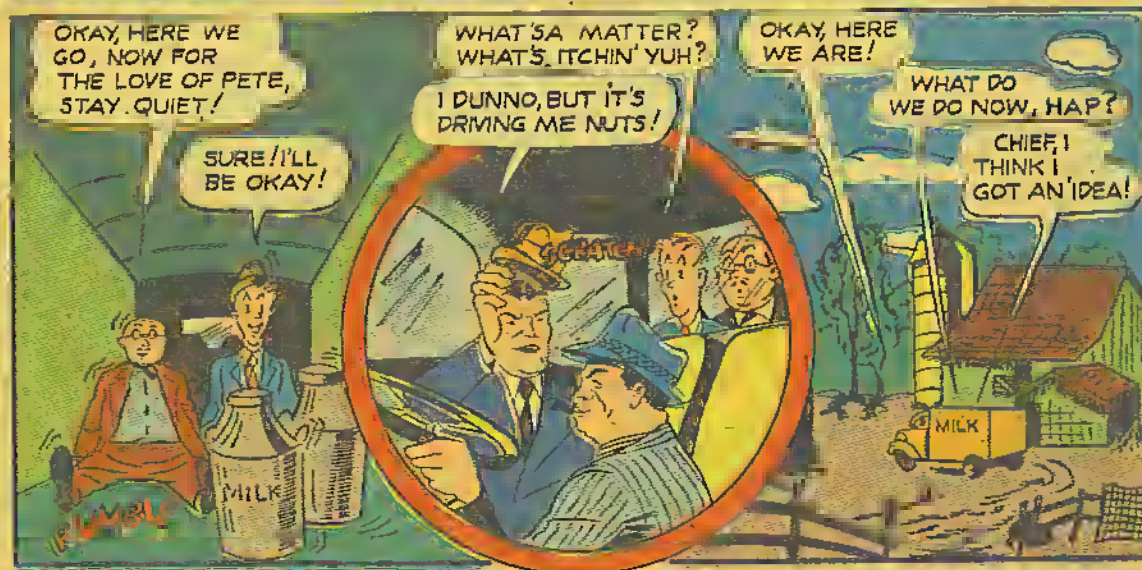
YAWN! LOOK
BOSS, THE
MILKMAN!

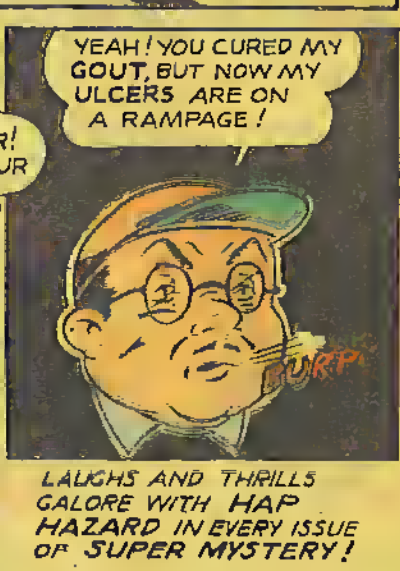
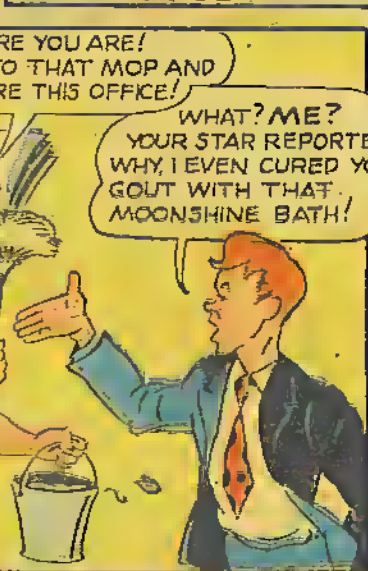
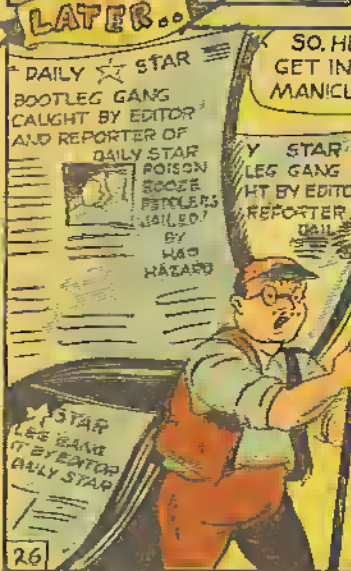
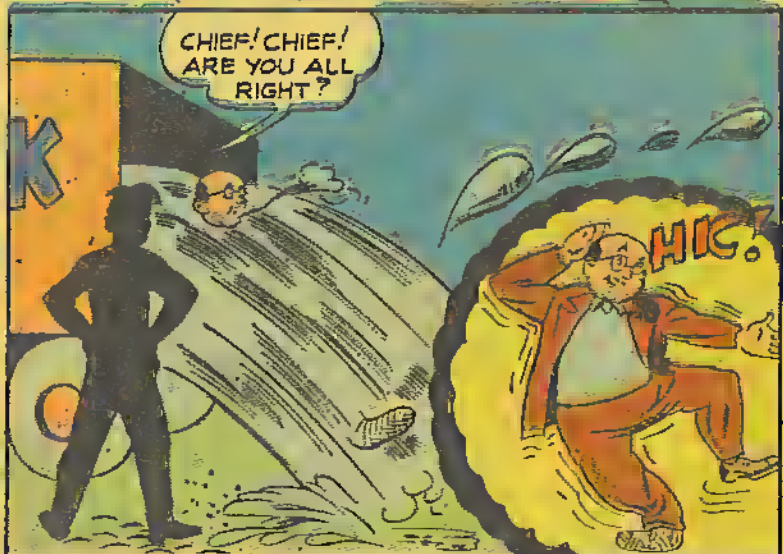
MILKMAN! THAT'S
NO MILKMAN YOU
IDIOT! THAT'S THE
DELIVERY FROM
THE STILL!

NOW TO GET
INTO THAT
TRUCK
SOMEHOW!

I THINK I KNOW
HOW TO DISTRACT
THAT GUARD!



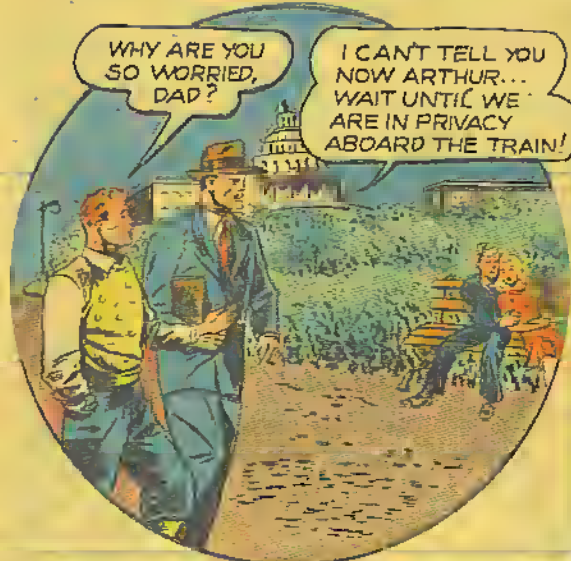




The SWORD



GOLD !!! IT WARPS THE MIND...DRIVES MEN CRAZY... CRAZY MEN DO DEEDS OF DARING AND HEROISM...IT'S A DISEASE...A PLAGUE! IT SPREADS LIKE WILDFIRE, AND IN ITS PATH FOLLOW THE DREAD FOUR HORSEMEN...FAMINE, PESTILENCE, GREED, AND DEATH! MORGANA KNEW WHAT THE LUST FOR GOLD COULD DO! IT COULD DRAW MEN FROM THEIR HOMES, FROM THEIR FARMS, FROM THE FACTORIES... DRAW MEN FROM THEIR VITAL JOBS OF DEFEATING THE AXIS--AND FOR EVERY MINUTE LOST IN THE HOME-FRONT BATTLE OF PRODUCTION, ANOTHER AMERICAN SOLDIER DIES IN THE BATTLE FOR FREEDOM.



WHY ARE YOU SO WORRIED, DAD?

I CAN'T TELL YOU NOW ARTHUR... WAIT UNTIL WE ARE IN PRIVACY ABOARD THE TRAIN!



THE NATIONS WAR PLANTS HAVE EXHAUSTED THEIR SUPPLY OF POLYDENDINIUM, A SUBSTANCE NEEDED FOR THE HARDENING OF STEEL! OUR EXPLORERS HAVE BEEN UNABLE TO DISCOVER ANY MORE SOURCES, AND OUR SCIENTISTS HAVE NOT BEEN ABLE TO FIND A SUBSTITUTE!



SOON, ALL OUR WAR PRODUCTION WILL HAVE TO BE WITH-OUT IT!

WELL, THAT'S TOO BAD!



IT MEANS OUR GUNS AND TANKS AND PLANES WILL HAVE TO BE INFERIOR QUALITY! THUS MORE OF OUR BOYS WILL DIE IN BATTLE!

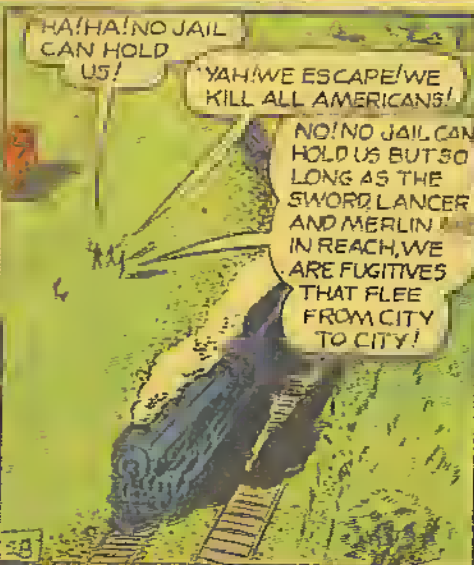
GOSH! THEN YOU REALLY HAVE SOMETHING TO WORRY ABOUT, SAY, LOOK OUT THERE!



DON'T THEY LOOK FAMILIAR?

NO, I CAN'T SAY I RECOGNIZE THEM, PROBABLY JUST SOME LOCAL FOLKS!

TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T RECOGNIZE THEM MR. LAKE FOR THESE ARE YOUR SWORN ENEMIES, THE ENEMIES OF ALL FREE PEOPLE, THEY ARE MORGANA AND HER HENCHMEN, THE HUN AND GOTH, THE MOST POWERFUL NAZIS EVER TO SET FOOT IN AMERICA---



HA! HA! NO JAIL CAN HOLD US!

YAH! WE ESCAPE! WE KILL ALL AMERICANS!

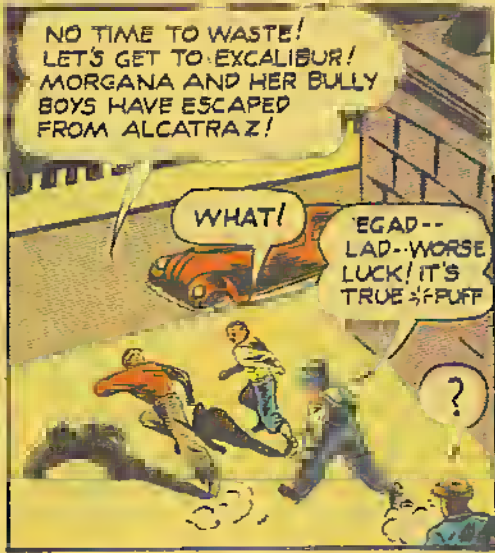
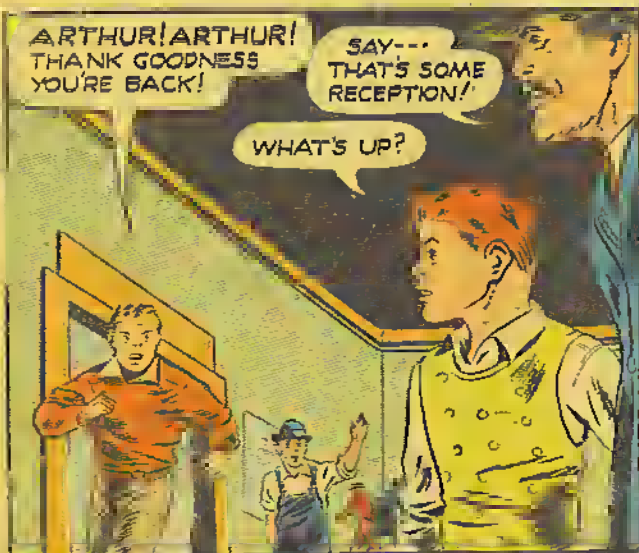
NO! NO JAIL CAN HOLD US BUT SO LONG AS THE SWORD LANCER AND MERLIN IN REACH, WE ARE FUGITIVES THAT FLEE FROM CITY TO CITY!



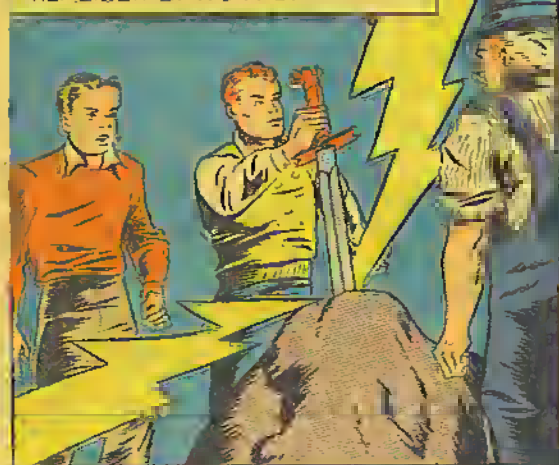
WE MUST GET FAR AWAY FROM OUR ENEMIES.. LET THEM THINK WE ARE GONE OR DEAD... THEN WE CAN MAKE NEW PLANS TO DESTROY AMERICA AND HELP OUR FEUHRER!

YAH! HEIL DER FEUHRER!

HEIL, HITLER!



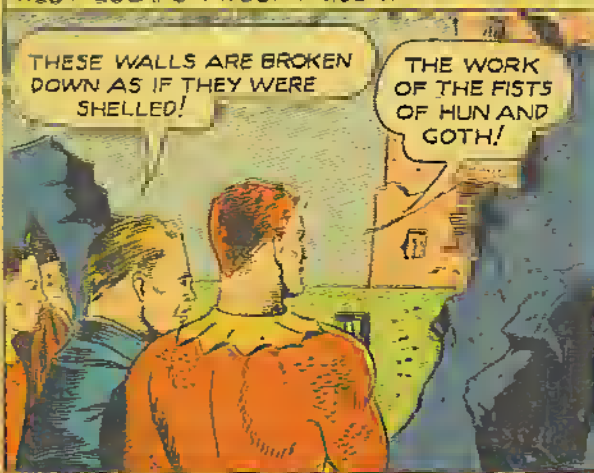
RACING TO THE HIDING PLACE OF HIS
MAGIC SWORD, ARTHUR GRASPS
EXCALIBUR BY ITS HILT...



AND DRAWS IT FROM ITS SCABBARD OF
SOLID ROCK! THE WORLD SEEMS TO BE SPLIT
ASUNDER! INSTANTS AGO THERE WERE THE
YOUTH ARTHUR LAKE AND LANCE LARTER,
AND THE WANDERING MASTER OF SLEIGHT
OF HAND MOE LINN, NOW THREE NOBLE
FIGURES ARE WHERE THEY STOOD. THE
SWORD, THE LANCER AND MERLIN...



RACING ACROSS COUNTRY WITH THE SPEED
OF WIND, THEY ARE SOON AT THE NATION'S
MOST ESCAPE-PROOF PRISON!



ARMED MEN WHO TRIED
TO STOP THEM ---
MUTILATED!

MORGANA AND
HER BULLY-BOYS!

THEY KILL FOR
THE SHEER JOY
OF INFLECTING
PAIN AND DEATH!

THERE, ON SHEER WALL THAT
EVEN A FLY WOULD HAVE
TROUBLE SCALING, A PIECE OF
CLOTH FROM ONE OF THEIR
COSTUMES!

THIS IS THEIR
ESCAPE ROUTE
ALRIGHT!

A SHOE!
MORGANA'S!

THRU' MILES
OF DANGEROUS
CURRENTS-THRU
SHARK INFESTED
WATERS WHERE
EVEN A BOAT
HAS DIFFICULTY--
TO REACH
FREEDOM!

AND NOW-- THEY ARE A CURSE,
A RAMPAGING TRIO OF EVIL
SPREADING DEATH AND RUIN
ACROSS THE FACE OF
AMERICA-- THEY MUST
BE STOPPED!

THEY SHALL
BE STOPPED!
NO MATTER
WHERE THEY
TRAVEL WE
SHALL NOT BE
FAR BEHIND!

THE SWORD AND HIS ALLIES
TAKE UP THE TRAIL OF THE
FLEEING TRIO OF CRIME ---
IT LEADS TO A SHOP IN
SAN FRANCISCO ---

DEAD!
HIS NECK
SNAPPED!

CASH REGISTER
EMPTY!

ACROSS THE FERTILE
FARM LANDS OF
CALIFORNIA ---

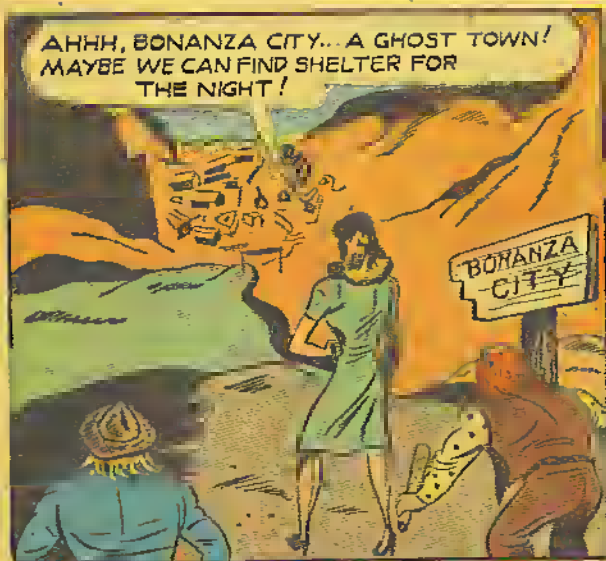
HE MUST HAVE
SEEN AND TRIED
TO STOP THEM!

ACROSS THE PAINTED DESERTS OF THE AMERICAN WEST!

HO! THIS IS
WONDERFUL!

YAH! IS
GOOD SPORT!

GOOD SPORT-- YES!
BUT IT DOES NOT
ACCOMPLISH OUR
FEUHRER'S WORK!



AHHH, BONANZA CITY... A GHOST TOWN!
MAYBE WE CAN FIND SHELTER FOR
THE NIGHT!

BONANZA
CITY



HO!HO! WHEN
WE ARE FINISHED
ALL AMERICA SHALL
LOOK LIKE THIS!

YES! IT SHALL
BE ONE HUGE
GHOST TOWN
POPULATED
BY ONLY
THE DEAD!

BUT... MORE THAN THE DEAD POPULATE
BONANZA CITY... THERE ARE THE PACK
RATS, SNAKES AND AN OLD DESERT RAT,
PINTO PETE



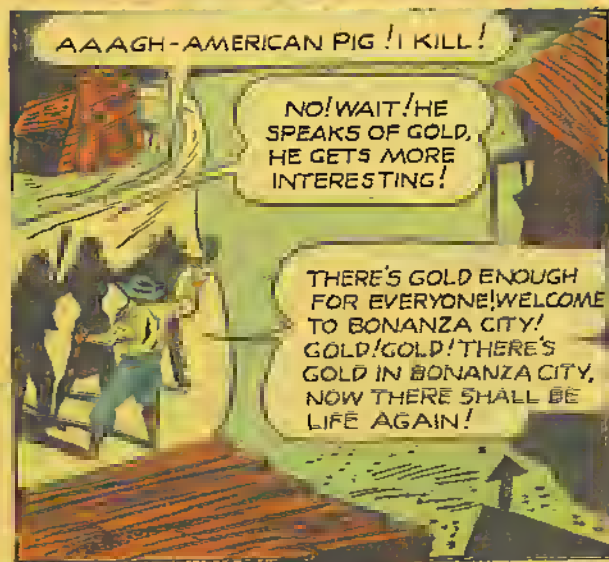
PEOPLE! PEOPLE HAVE
COME BACK!



WHAT'S THAT?

A MAD MAN!

BONANZA CITY
WILL BE BIG
AGAIN! BRIGHT
AGAIN! WINE WILL
FLOW IN THE
GUTTERS, GOLD
WILL BE LIKE
DIRT!



AAAGH-AMERICAN PIG! I KILL!

NO! WAIT! HE
SPEAKS OF GOLD,
HE GETS MORE
INTERESTING!

THERE'S GOLD ENOUGH
FOR EVERYONE! WELCOME
TO BONANZA CITY!
GOLD! GOLD! THERE'S
GOLD IN BONANZA CITY,
NOW THERE SHALL BE
LIFE AGAIN!



EVERYONE WILL COME TO BONANZA
CITY-- FROM THE FARMS AND THE
CITIES! BONANZA CITY SHALL BOOM,
AGAIN! EUREKA!

MAYBE HE'S
NOT SO MAD!
MAYBE THERE
IS GOLD HERE!

YOU TALK OF GOLD OLD MAN,
HAVE YOU FOUND GOLD?

MILLIONS!

MILLIONS OF
DOLLARS' WORTH!
MILLIONS!

MILLIONS!

GOOD! TAKE US TO IT! SHOW
US YOUR GOLD!

NO! YOU'LL STEAL
IT FROM ME!

TAKE US TO IT OR MY
MAN WILL KILL YOU!!!

AAAGH! NO---
DON'T! I'LL
SHOW YOU---

HERE IT IS---MY GOLD!!
MY PRECIOUS GOLD!
THE RESULTS OF 30
YEARS OF DIGGING!

WHAT?
IS THAT
ALL!

IT'S MILLIONS! ALL MINE!!
MINE! ALL MINE!

OLD FOOL!
HE'S MAD AS A
MARCH HARE!

KILL?

NO--NO-WAIT, I THINK
I CAN USE THIS GOLD---
AND IF I CAN, IT WOULD BE
BEST TO LEAVE THE OLD MAN
ALIVE---WE CAN TURN HIM OUT
INTO THE DESERT LATER!

GOLD!
MY
GOLD!

WE NEED HIM TO
SHOW US A SPOT
WHERE PROSPECTORS
COME SEARCHING FOR
GOLD! COME OLD
FOOL!

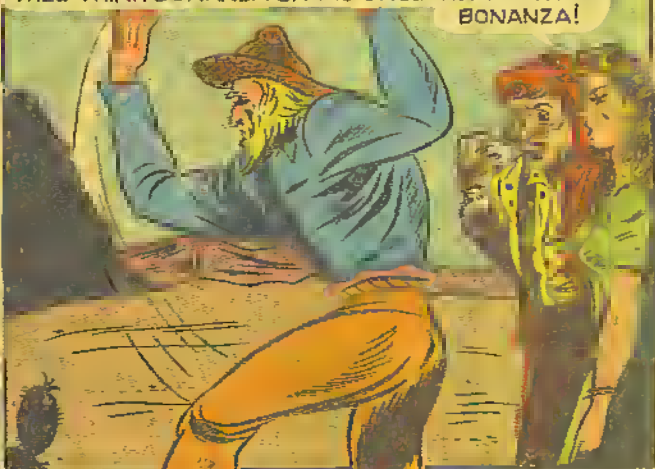
HERE! THIS IS
WHERE THEY
SEARCH FOR
GOLD!

GOOD! TAKE THESE
NUGGETS AND THROW
THEM AT THE HILL!

WHAT!

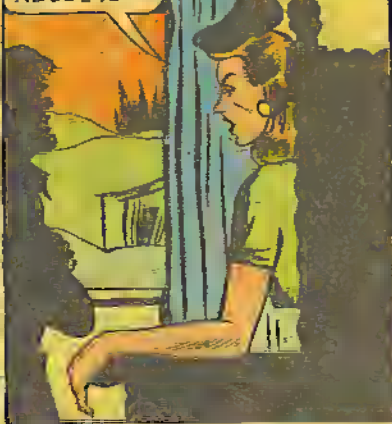


THAT'S RIGHT! THE FORCE OF YOUR THROWING SHALL
BURY THEM-THEN WHEN THEY ARE DISCOVERED, PEOPLE
WILL THINK BONANZA CITY IS ONCE MORE A TRUE
BONANZA!



NOW OLD MAD MAN, AWAY! IF
EVER I SEE YOU AROUND BONANZA
CITY AGAIN, YOUR LIFE
SHALL BE THE FORFEIT!

AND NOW WE SHALL
SETTLE DOWN IN
BONANZA CITY
AND AWAIT
RESULTS!



MORGANA HASN'T
LONG TO WAIT
FOR
PROSPECTORS

GOLD,
GOLD!
THE HILLS
ARE FILLED
WITH GOLD!



THERE'S GOLD AT BONANZA
CITY! STRUCK IT! THE
MOTHER LODE ITSELF!



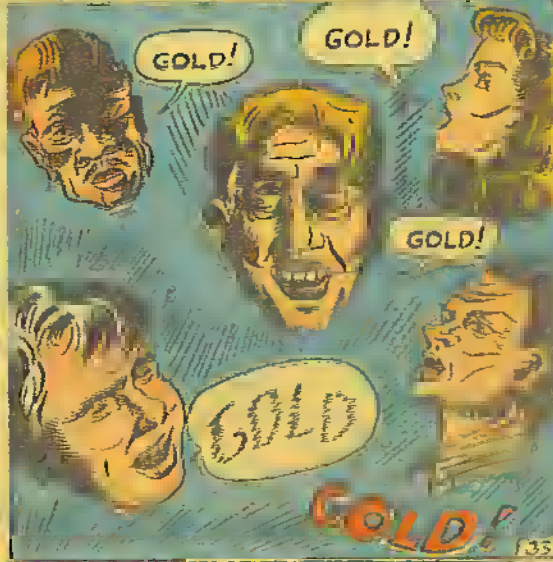
GOLD!

GOLD!

GOLD!

GOLD

GOLD!



LIKE WILDFIRE, NEWS OF THE GOLD STRIKE AT BONANZA CITY, MAKES MEN LEAVE THEIR FAMILIES--

GOLD AT BONANZA CITY!

LET'S GO POP! WE'LL GET OUR SHARE!



THEIR FARMS--

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE HARVEST?

DEVIL TAKE THE HARVEST! I'M GOING TO FIND GOLD!



THE WAR PLANTS--

YOUR SON'S IN THE ARMY! YOU'RE LETTING HIM DOWN IF YOU QUIT YOUR JOB!

SO WHAT! WHEN HE COMES HOME HIS FATHER WILL BE A MILLIONAIRE!



THE ARMED FORCES--

THE MEN ARE GOING AWOL BY THE HUNDREDS, SIR! THE REPORT OF GOLD AT BONANZA CITY IS DRIVING THEM MAD!



FROM ALL CORNERS OF THE LAND, PEOPLE STREAM INTO BONANZA CITY!

WONDERFUL! THEY COME FROM ALL WALKS OF LIFE! THIS EXODUS OF MAN POWER WILL CRIPPLE AMERICA'S WAR EFFORT!



BUT WHILE A NATION FORGETS ITS DUTIES IN A MAD RUSH FOR GOLD, THREE GRIM FIGURES STILL PURSUE A RELENTLESS TRAIL!

WE'LL FOLLOW THEM ACROSS THE CONTINENT IF WE MUST!

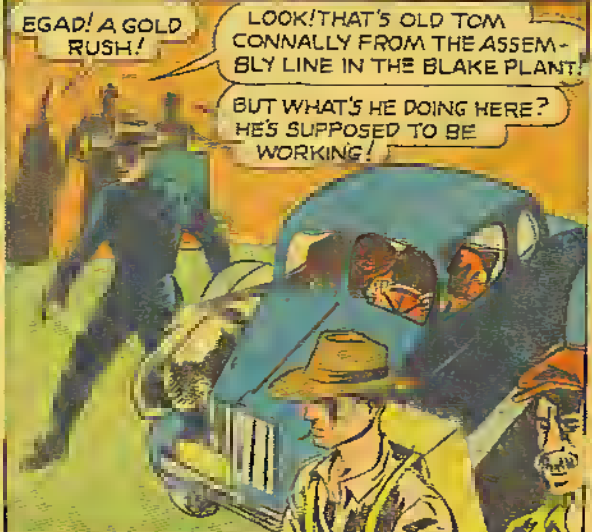
SAY! WHAT'S THAT?



EGAD! A GOLD RUSH!

LOOK! THAT'S OLD TOM CONNALLY FROM THE ASSEMBLY LINE IN THE BLAKE PLANT!

BUT WHAT'S HE DOING HERE? HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE WORKING!



TOM CONNALLY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? AREN'T YOU AT WORK?

THE SWORD!
LANCER, MERLIN
YOU HERE FOR
GOLD TOO! HARDLY
ANYONE IS AT WORK
ANYMORE! WE GOT HIT
BY THE GOLD BUG AND
JUST UP AND LEFT!

YOUR COURSE IS CLEAR! AS MOE
LINN YOU'RE POPULAR WITH
THE MEN! YOU'VE GOT TO BE-
COME MOE, AND GATHER UP
THE WORKERS AS THEY COME
FAST AND GET THEM TO
WORK!

BUT--MORGANA--
THE HUN--THE
GOTH!

WE'LL TAKE CARE OF
THEM! YOUR DUTY IS
CLEAR, GET YOUR
SORCE-Y TO WORK!

OKAY--INKY-
DINKY--ALLA-
K--ZAM!

MERLIN IS MOE LINN!
EGAD, SO I AM!

GOOD WORK! NOW
GET TO IT!

STILL FOLLOWING THE TRAIL OF THE KILLERS,
THE SWORD AND THE LANCER DISCOVER
THAT THEIR PATHS COINCIDE WITH THAT OF
THE GOLD RUSH--TO BONANZA CITY!

LOOK AT ALL
THAT
FIGHTING!

THEY DON'T SEEM TOO
HAPPY FOR PEOPLE WHOVE
JUST DISCOVERED GOLD!

YOU'VE GOT TO GIVE US SOME MONEY FOR OUR
CLAIMS SO WE CAN GET BACK TO OUR HOMES
AND OUR JOBS!

MAYBE YOU'LL FIND GOLD
ON THEM! YOU CAN
HAVE THEM CHEAP!

BEAT IT! I
DON'T WANT YOUR
WORTHLESS LAND!
HEY SHERIFF!

BONANZA CITY
LAND
OFFICE

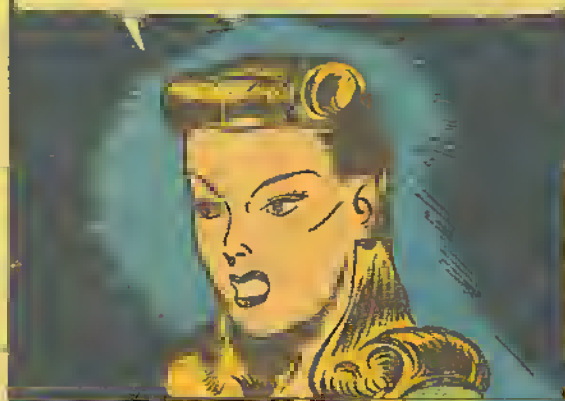
GET THESE BUMS
OUT OF HERE!

SAY! DO YOU RECOGNIZE
THAT SHERIFF AND HIS
DEPUTY?

YAH, BEAT
IT, YOU!

I SURE DO!

OH WHAT A PLAN! THE MOST PERFECT
ONE OF MY CAREER! NOT ONLY HAVE
I WRECKED THE UNITED STATES
ECONOMIC SYSTEM, BUT HAVE IRREPARABLY
RUINED ALL PRODUCTION SCHEDULES. WHAT
POWER AND MUSCLE AND ALL THE
FUEHRER'S PLANS COULD NOT ACCOMPLISH..



I ACCOMPLISHED BY USE OF MY SUPERIOR
INTELLIGENCE! AND THE PEOPLE WHO
RETURN PENNILESS ARE DISGRUNTLED
WITH THE NATION, ANGRY BECAUSE
THEY HAVE FAILED!

---- WHAT'S THAT? ----



SO, SHERIFF
AND DEPUTY, EH?

HIDING BEHIND
AMERICAN LAW
BADGES, EH?



GET OUT INTO THE OPEN! IT
SMELLS BAD IN HERE!



SO SHE'S AROUND
TOO! HERE'S
SOMETHING FOR
HER! CATCH!

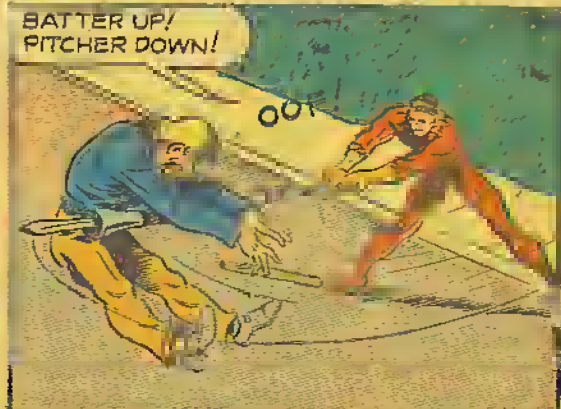
MORGANA!
MORGANA!



HAVE A FOOT!

KROK

BATTER UP/
PITCHER DOWN!



HUN CAN
PITCH TOO!

YEAH! BUT I
CAN DUCK!



YAH!
DUCK THIS!

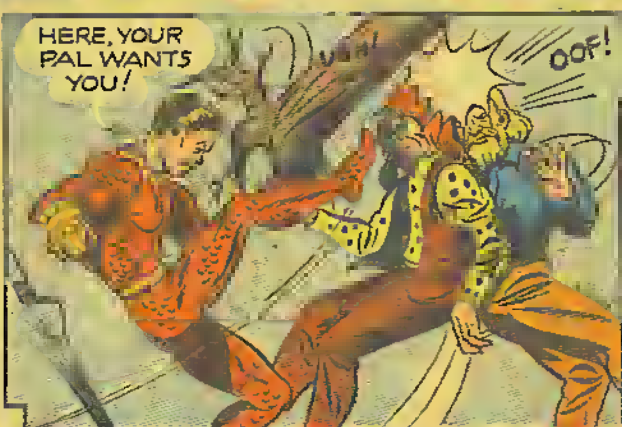
OOONG!



UGH-NOW I HAVE
A WEAPON TO
KILL YOU!



HERE, YOUR
PAL WANTS
YOU!



THE HUN AND GOTH RUN INTO AN
OLD ABANDONED MINE SHAFT---



WERE YOU GOING
AWAY?

HERE'S A
PARTING
GIFT!

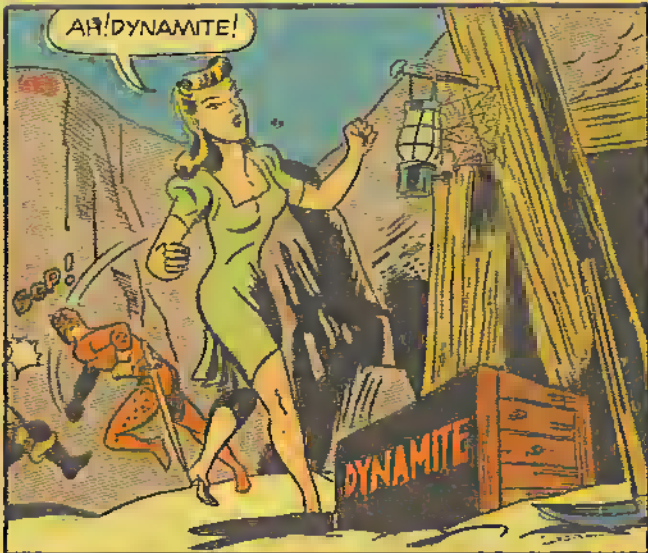
OW!



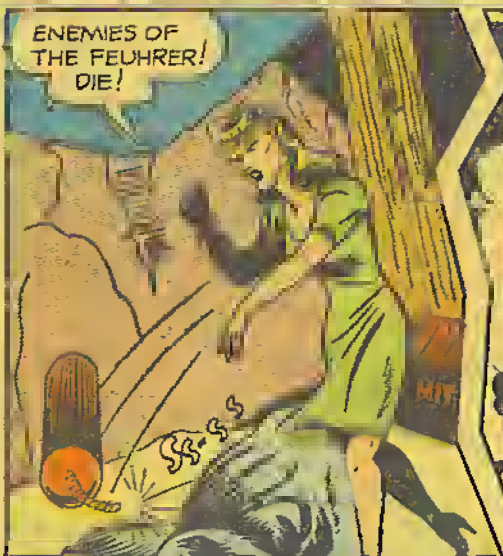
SO! THE SWORD AND THE LANCER!
MAYBE I CAN LEND MY BOYS A HAND!



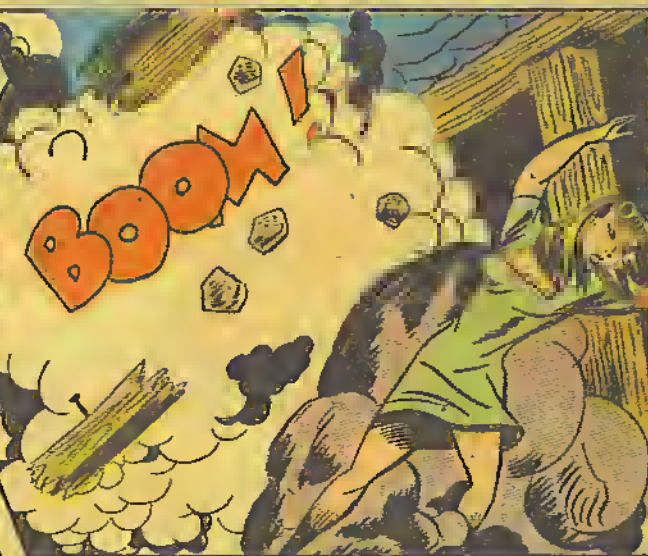
AH! DYNAMITE!



ENEMIES OF
THE FEUHRER!
DIE!



BOOM!



THEY'RE UNCONSCIOUS!



AND THIS TIME I'LL
FINISH THEM!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT.....

MY GOLD! YOU STOLE
MY GOLD!



MY GOLD!
GIVE ME
BACK MY
GOLD!

CRUNCH!

WHEW!
THAT
WAS
CLOSE!



LATER... GO BACK TO YOUR HOMES
THE LAST GOLD WAS RE-
MOVED FROM HERE IN 1880! YOU
WERE LURED HERE TO TAKE YOU
AWAY FROM YOUR WAR JOBS!



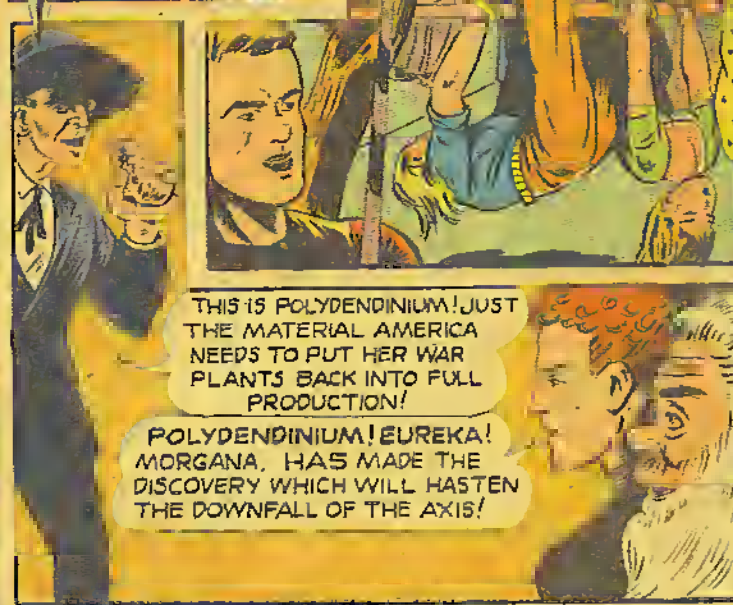
SWORD-LANCER! LOOK AT THIS
ORE! I FOUND IT BEHIND THE
PLACE WHERE THE EXPLOSION
WAS!

LET ME SEE THAT!
I'M A GOVERNMENT
ASSAYER!



THIS IS POLYDENDINIUM! JUST
THE MATERIAL AMERICA
NEEDS TO PUT HER WAR
PLANTS BACK INTO FULL
PRODUCTION!

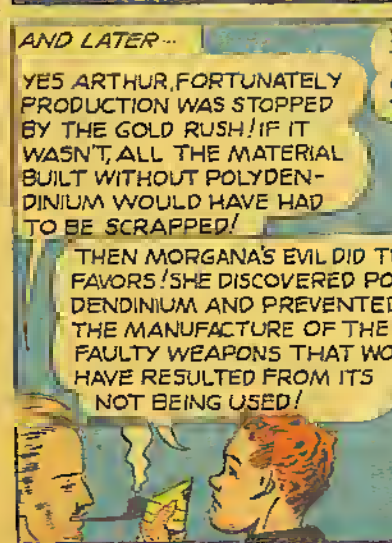
POLYDENDINIUM! EUREKA!
MORGANA, HAS MADE THE
DISCOVERY WHICH WILL HASTEN
THE DOWNFALL OF THE AXIS!



AND LATER...

YES ARTHUR, FORTUNATELY
PRODUCTION WAS STOPPED
BY THE GOLD RUSH! IF IT
WASN'T, ALL THE MATERIAL
BUILT WITHOUT POLYDEN-
DINIUM WOULD HAVE HAD
TO BE SCRAPPED!

THEN MORGANA'S EVIL DID TWO
FAVORS! SHE DISCOVERED POLY-
DENDINIUM AND PREVENTED
THE MANUFACTURE OF THE
FAULTY WEAPONS THAT WOULD
HAVE RESULTED FROM ITS
NOT BEING USED!

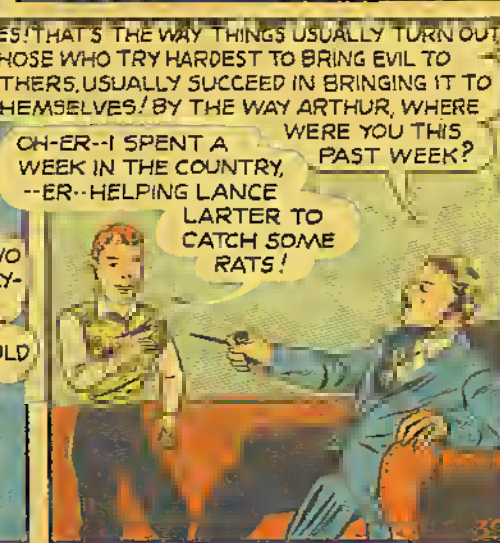


YES! THAT'S THE WAY THINGS USUALLY TURN OUT.
THOSE WHO TRY HARDEST TO BRING EVIL TO
OTHERS, USUALLY SUCCEED IN BRINGING IT TO
THEMSELVES! BY THE WAY ARTHUR, WHERE

WERE YOU THIS
PAST WEEK?

OH-ER-I SPENT A
WEEK IN THE COUNTRY,

--ER--HELPING LANCE
LARTER TO
CATCH SOME
RATS!



WANT TO HELP OUR
ARMY CATCH SOME
BIG RATS? LEND
YOUR MONEY TO
THE GOVERNMENT
BY PURCHASING
WAR BONDS AND
STAMPS!



Hoosegow

By Cliff

JEFF PERKINS looped the reins over the snorting post and trundled his fat saddlebag into the big house. Uncovering his white head, he settled his wiry frame into a swivel chair and laid the bag and his gun on the desk before him.

He pulled a thick wad of greenbacks from the bag. It was payday at the JP spread.

The screen door at his back whined. Jeff stuffed the wad back into the bag, grabbed his gun, and flipped his chair around.

In the doorway stood a horseman, head bowed under the frame of the opening. In his big right hand he grasped a six-shooter. A pair of wolfish eyes gleamed between his low-worn Stetson and the black kerchief masking his nose and jaws.

"Drop your iron, paw," the masked man commanded in a low, even voice. "Don't want to unravel cartridges on an old man."

The gun slipped from Jeff's numbed fingers. His eyes, pale blue with age, fixed themselves on the horseman's mask as if to rip it aside. The bandit picked up the rancher's gun, shoved it in a drawer of the desk. Holstering his own weapon, he undid a length of rope from his middle and bound the old man's wrists to the arms of the chair.

Jeff, twisting suddenly, attempted to snatch off the mask. But his aged muscles were no match for the steel sinews of his captor. The horseman straightened, grasped the saddlebag from the desk, and pressed a slim, cold object between the rancher's hand and the arm of the chair.

"When you get loose, paw, return that key to Pete Hardesty with my compliments." The bandit swung through the door onto the porch. "And when the Roblero brothers call, tell 'em that piece about the early bird."

The bandit swung into the saddle of a towering white stallion. Then a cloud of dust, which lengthened toward the horizon into a huge, woolly worm, marked the man's departure.

A wild clatter of hoof's broke Jeff's distraught musing. Through the door tramped a pair of whiskered, dark-faced peons.

"Come right in, boys!" Jeff called cheerily. "I reckon introductions ain't necessary. You're Jose and Tito Roblero, the border hawks we been hearing so much about in these parts, ain't you?"

The Roblero brothers halted. Amazement showed on their greasy faces. Stubbled jaws hung limply and gun hands dropped to sides.

"You're kinda late, boys." Jeff nodded towards the crest of the rise visible through the screen. "The Lone Wolf ast me to give you the bird. You can see him if you look quick."

The Mexicans glanced cautiously over sloped

shoulders, not sure what sort of ruse the old man would pull. But on the horizon, athronelled against the hedding sun, a distant figure waved in silent greeting, then vanished under the rim of the prairie.

"If you're pulling our leg," Tito Roblero growled darkly, "you're going to die of mucho lead poison!" He jiggled the trigger meaningly.

Jeff shrugged. "See for yourselves, boys. But you better make it pronto. The JP waddies'll be pulling in soon for chuck."

The Mexicans hesitated. Then they broke for the door. "If we no find pay on thees Lone Wolf," Tito yelled from his prancing horse, "we be back!"

The grin faded from the rancher's lips. He watched the dark-skinned bandits pull for the horizon, then let his frail old chin sink on his breast.

THE Lone Wolf flung his arm over the streaking white tail of his mount and fired a round of shots. The dim, galloping figures on the rear horizon retorted with a popping salvo. But the swiftly folding wings of night made the exchange no more than a lusty tongue duel.

Presently a square, one-story building rose from the shadows. The Lone Wolf dismounted, fired a parting shot, and sprang through the open door with the JP payroll.

Inside, he flung up the lid of a chest and stowed the saddlebag within. Hanging his revolver on a nail in a rafter, where it was invisible from the open doorway, he seated himself at the table beneath. He struck a match to the oil lamp on the table.

The tiny light wavered, cast a dim, flickering halo about the table. As he waited, the Lone Wolf reached under the table and picked up the end of a rope which he hitched to one ankle. Then he tightened his mask.

The drum of hoofs swelled in rising cadence, then abruptly ceased. There was a moment of furtive scuffling outside the door. Suddenly two forms jumped in front of the opening, guns shining blue-ly in black paws.

"Leeft them up, Senor Wolf!" Jose Roblero ordered.

Grinning from ear to ear so that their white teeth flashed, the peons advanced upon the Wolf. "Where is eet, thees dinero?" Tito demanded.

Slowly the masked man elevated himself to his normal six feet three. As he hoisted his arms his knuckles scraped the rafter. Suddenly, as he backed, the front door banged shut.

Jose glanced nervously at the door, then growled: "Quick—where is eet?"

Trap

Howe

The Wolf nodded toward the chest. Tito prodded the masked man for weapons and, finding none, approached the chest. Jose backed to the door, keeping his gun leveled on the Wolf.

Jose leaned his shoulders against the door, felt behind him with his left hand for the latch. It didn't budge.

"The door," the Wolf said from behind his mask, "is provided with a snap lock of special construction. It can not be opened from inside or out without the key." He shook his ankle free of the rope.

Then Jose saw the hempen line which trailed from a nail in the base of the door to the masked man's foot. "Ah-ha! A trick! You think to lock Jose and Tito in? Jose, keep your gun on Senor Wolf while I shoot away the lock."

Jose lifted the lid of the chest and trained his gun on the Wolf. With his left hand he dipped into the box and, lips spread into a wide grin, brought up the swollen saddlebag.

Tito swung about, sent a bullet crashing into the escutcheon of the lock. He tried the door, but it held firm. He sent another slug, then another.

Jose knocked down the lid of the chest with his elbow, set the bag on top, and dipped in with greedy fingers.

The Wolf watched through slitted lids. He counted the explosions of Tito's gun. Three—four—five—six—

Jose plunged his hand to the bottom of the sack. A sudden howl of dismay rasped from his gaping mouth. He jerked his hand from the saddlebag. On the tips of his fingers hung a large and tenacious rat trap. Tito whirled about, digging for shells for his empty revolver.

QUICKLY as a striking snake the Wolf's hand darted along the rafter overhead. Down came his gun, spurting flame and lead. Jose's yowls crescendoed. The revolver clattered from his hand. Across the knuckles of his right hand appeared a deep and bloody crease.

With a swift, vaulting motion the Wolf cleared the table.

As Tito brought his gun up for action, it suddenly jumped from his grasp under the sweeping hand of his adversary.

The masked man holstered his six-shooter, seized the Mexican by the neck with his left hand, and drove the snarling teeth inwards with his right. He dropped the senseless peon and turned. Jose was on his knees, reaching for the gun he had lost.

"Just pass that smoke-thrower up here," the masked man said quietly, flipping his six-gun into line with the Mexican's nose.

Jose handed over his weapon, tottered to his feet. He perched on the edge of the chest where he clawed at the rat trap with his wounded right hand, a woebegone expression on his oily, stubbled face.

The Wolf holstered his gun and freed the peon's left hand. Then he bound the man's bleeding wound.

"What is eet you plan to do now, senor?" Jose croaked.

"To keep you here."

"To keep us here?" Incredulity spread on Jose's face. "Alive?"

"Sure thing." The Wolf flicked the mask off. "This here is the jail."

"Jail?" Jose shrieked. He gaped into the tan, muscular face of his captor. "Eet is Senor Cleenton!"

A key scraped in the lock. The stout door swung outwards, and a red-faced man with drooping black-mustache strode into the room, gun in hand. Behind him scurried Jeff Perkins, a gun in each hand.

The old rancher jabbed a gun in the Wolf's direction. "There's the thief what stuck me up, then give me the key, Pete. And there are the Mexes who went humping after him."

Sheriff Pete Hardsy rolled his eyes from Jeff to the Wolf. "Why, he ain't no stick-up hombre, Jeff. This here's Ott Clinton of the Texas border patrol. He ast me for the key to the jug this morning. Said he'd have a couple of rats to shove in before now was out."

"Wa-al, I'll be a peepin' tree toad!" Jeff belted his artillery. "Glad to meetcha, Ott. But what was the idea of swiping the JP pay dirt and then hog-tying me to that chair?"

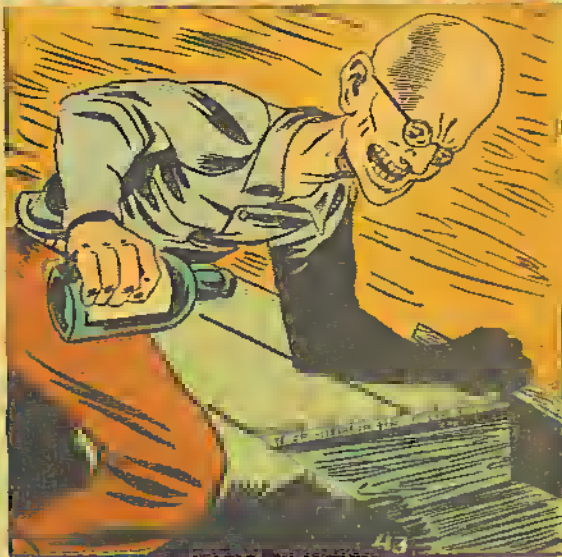
The Lone Wolf grinned. "I'd got wind that the Roblero brothers had drifted north and I trailed them to Pleasant Valley. When I overheard Jose asking the cashier at the bank what time you was due, I knew what he was planning. But I didn't want to grab him without his brother, so I let him go.

"I decided the only way to get both those eels inside of a jail was to line it with greenbacks. If I hadn't tied you down, Jeff, you'd be so full of holes now you wouldn't float in brine. You see, down on the border we know that Jose and Tito never shoot before they get the loot!"

PAUL REVERE JR.

PAUL REVERE JR. PLANNED TWO PATRIOTIC DEEDS WHEN HE SET OUT FOR A DAY'S WORK, TO RELIEVE THE MAN-POWER SHORTAGE, AND TO EARN MONEY FOR THE SALE OF WAR BONDS. HE CERTAINLY HAD NO INTENTION OF SMASHING HEADLONG INTO A SPY RING THAT WOULD COME WITHIN A HAIR'S BREADTH OF TAKING HIS LIFE, TOGETHER WITH HIS FELLOW MEMBERS OF THE AMERICA AWAKE CLUB.





IT IS HERE! CLEAR
THE WIRES FOR
CONTACT!

IMMEDIATELY!
WE ARE READY!



AMERICAN CONVOY SIX HOUR
SIX, POSITION EN BY N.H.W 28°!



VERY
GOOD!



AGAIN WE ARE SUCCESSFUL!
OUR ESPIONAGE SYSTEM ON THE
COAST IS EXCELLENT!

AND SO SIMPLE
THE AMERICAN
FOOLS WILL
NEVER DISCOVER
IT!



A FEW DAYS LATER----

THE PRESCRIPTION IS READY--
BUT WHERE IS THAT FOOL OF A
MESSENGER?

PROBABLY DRUNK AGAIN! THE
FOOL! HE WILL HAVE TO
BE REMOVED! THIS
PRESCRIPTION MUST BE
DELIVERED IMMEDIATELY!



AT THAT MOMENT PAUL REVERE JR. IS IN SEARCH
OF WORK IN ORDER TO EARN MONEY FOR
THE PURCHASE OF WAR BONDS!

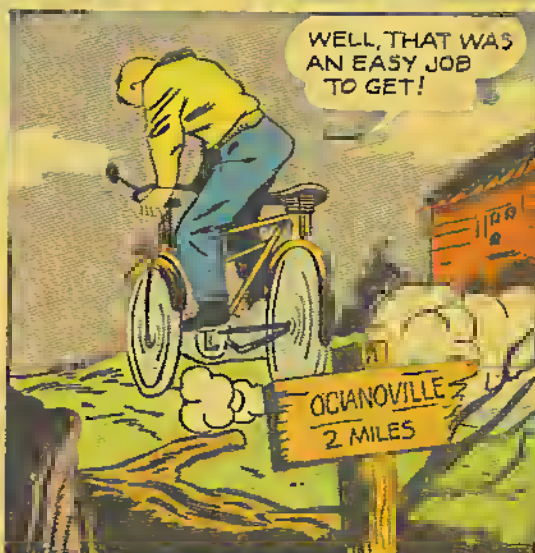
COULD YOU USE
A DELIVERY BOY,
MISTER?

WHY YES!
YES WE COULD!

DRUGGIST



WELL, THAT WAS
AN EASY JOB
TO GET!

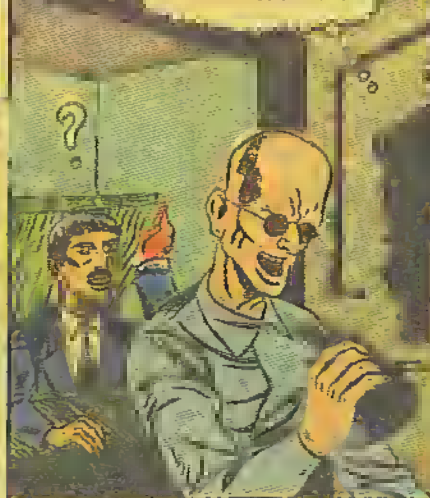


I-I-I-I-I'VE GOT
YOUR PRESCRIPTION!

GIVE IT HERE!
DOWN BOYS!
QUIET BOYS!



WH--TH? A JAP!



YOU'RE A NEW DELIVERY
BOY, AREN'T YOU?

YES SIR--
I JUST GOT
THE JOB



THAT DELIVERY BOY SAW ME!!
I THOUGHT IT WAS OUR REGULAR
MESSENGER AND I PUT MY HEAD
UP OUT OF THE TRAP DOOR!

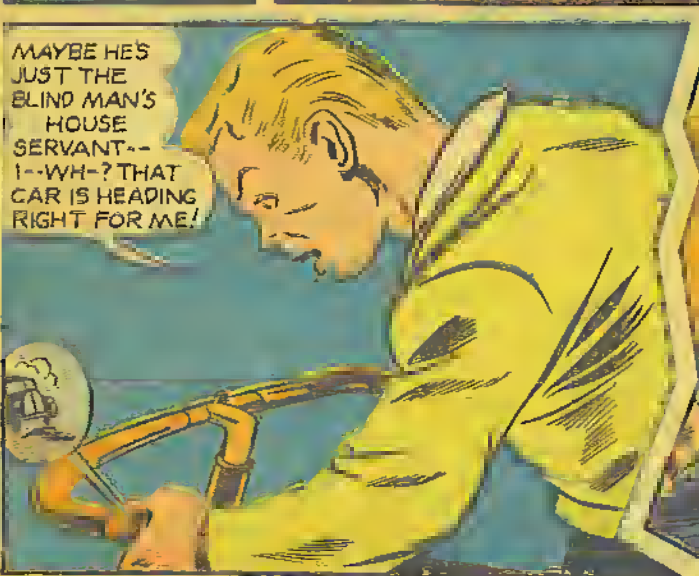
WHAT! FOOL, I WARNED
YOU NEVER TO LET YOUR-
SELF BE SEEN! WE MUST
STOP HIM BEFORE HE
CAN DO ANY TALKING!



MAYBE I'D BETTER SPEAK TO
DAD, SOMETHING MAY BE WRONG!
JAPS SHOULDN'T COME CREEPING
OUT OF THE WOOD-WORK, BUT
MAYBE I'M WRONG ----



MAYBE HE'S
JUST THE
BLIND MAN'S
HOUSE
SERVANT--
I--WH--? THAT
CAR IS HEADING
RIGHT FOR ME!



A SPLIT INSTANT BEFORE THE
CAR STRIKES, PAUL LEAPS
FOR SAFETY----



SHALL I FINISH HIM
WITH THE GUN?

NO! THIS WAY IT
WILL LOOK LIKE AN
ACCIDENT; THERE
WILL BE NO
INVESTIGATION!

WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! GOOD
THING I SPOTTED THEM AND
JUMPED!

I GUESS I OUGHT TO GO RIGHT
TO THE POLICE AND REPORT
THIS BUT I HAVE NO REAL PROOF!
I'D BETTER DIG UP SOME
EVIDENCE FIRST!

THAT NIGHT, PAUL AND HIS FELLOW
MEMBERS OF THE 'AMERICA AWAKE
CLUB' PAT HENRY AND BETSY ROSS,
RETURN TO THE SCENE OF THE
DAYS ADVENTURE ---

WE'D BETTER LEAVE THE
BIKES HERE!

TRESPASSERS! AFTER
THEM BOYS---

BOW
WOW! GRRRR

THE DOGS! QUICK!
UP THAT TREE!

THIS WAY! WE
CAN GET INTO
THE BARN!

QUICK! BEFORE
SOMEONE COMES
OUT OF THE
HOUSE!



WOWEE! SOME JUMPIN'!



THAT'LL KEEP THE DOGS FROM BOTHERING US!



C'MON OUT ON THE ROOF!
HERE THEY COME,
OUT OF THE HOUSE!



THERE THEY ARE! HEADED
FOR THE HOUSE!

STOP THEM, YOU
FOOL!

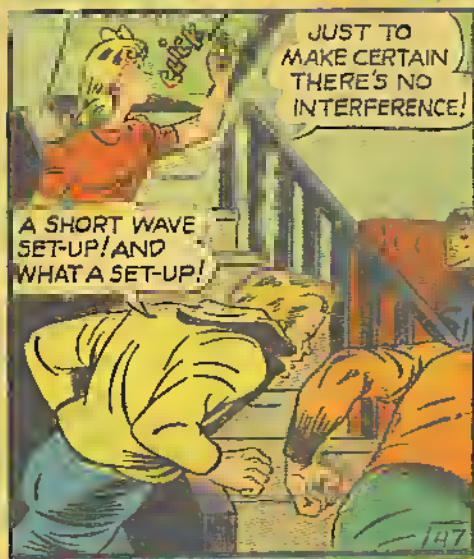


HAPPY LANDINGS!

LOOK OUT
BELOW!



NOW WE'LL TAKE A
LOOK-SEE DOWN HERE!
SEE WHAT MY JAP
FRIEND WAS UP TO!



JUST TO
MAKE CERTAIN
THERE'S NO
INTERFERENCE!

A SHORT WAVE
SET-UP! AND
WHAT A SET-UP!



FOR ACTION, ADVENTURE, AND THRILLS KEEP YOUR EYES ON PAUL REVERE JR. IN EVERY ISSUE OF SUPER MYSTERY!